

SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH ROSE

by
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Paramount Pictures
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1 **CLOSE ON:** a DEAD WOMAN'S FACE (early 40s). Her mouth is frozen agape. Her glossy, wide eyes stare right at us. 1

PULLING BACK, the woman is lying awkwardly twisted in BED. Dust-speckled daylight slices through window curtains revealing a BEDROOM in a state of disheveled chaos.

A PRESCRIPTION PILL BOTTLE lies spilled open on the floor below the bed, amid several EMPTY WINE BOTTLES.

We PAN away from the woman, tracking past FRAMED PHOTOS: One of the DEAD WOMAN smiling with a MAN, a TODDLER, and a BABY. Another shows the same WOMAN with TWO LITTLE GIRLS (no man).

Our PANNING POV continues until we reveal our trajectory:

A YOUNG GIRL (10) stands in the BEDROOM DOORWAY, staring at the dead woman. Her clothes are dirty. Her face conveys no emotion, but her eyes are enormous with SHOCK.

We PUSH IN on her face, closer and closer on her EYES...

The shrill RING OF A TELEPHONE jolts us to:

2 **INT. ROSE'S OFFICE - HOSPITAL - DAY** 2

DR. ROSE COTTER (34) lifts her head from her desk with a sharp INHALE. She appears to have dozed off in her OFFICE, which is small and spare, like most things publicly-funded.

Her DESK PHONE IS RINGING. She wipes drool from her mouth. Answers:

ROSE
Dr. Cotter..?

Rose's cashmere sweater and prim hair bun give her an air of polished professionalism. But her eyes reveal a weariness.

ROSE
Okay, I'll be right there.

3 **INT. PSYCH EVAL ROOM - HOSPITAL - DAY** 3

Rose enters a plain room painted in calming hues. Seated in one of two chairs is a fretful sad sack named CARL (40). He's SPEAKING CONTINUALLY as if in a panicked mantra:

CARL
...He's gonna die. She's gonna die.
Mom's gonna die...

An exasperated looking ORDERLY is relieved to see Rose.

ORDERLY

I haven't been able to get him to talk,
respond to me, nothing. Just this.

ROSE

That's okay, I got it. Thanks Dan.

The orderly leaves the room.

CARL (CONTINUING)

...I'm gonna die. Everyone dies.
Nobody matters. She doesn't matter...

Rose picks up the other chair facing Carl's. She moves it right NEXT TO his, and sits down beside him, facing the same direction. She doesn't say anything. Just sits with him.

CARL (CONTINUING)

...He doesn't matter. She doesn't
matter. Mom doesn't matter. Nothing
ever matters... I don't matter... I
don't matter... I-- I'm gonna...

Carl finally seems to register Rose. He nearly breaks into sobs. Rose gently attempts eye contact.

ROSE

Hi Carl... Do you know where you are?

Carl can't stop panicking. He struggles to catch his breath.

CARL

...The hospital.

ROSE

You and I met last time you were here.
Can you tell me what's going on today?

CARL

...I'm gonna die.

ROSE

I don't think so, Carl. I think
you're having another manic episode.

CARL

Don't! Don't you *tell* me! You don't
know! I *feel* it. All around me,
squeezing. It's *coming* for all of us!
We're all *fucked*!

ROSE

I know what you're experiencing feels real. But it can't hurt you. You're going to get through this, I promise.

Carl puts his head in his hands, beyond miserable.

CARL

...I'm scared.

Rose looks over at him without a hint of judgment.

ROSE

I know. It's okay.

4 **INT. PSYCH UNIT - HOSPITAL - SHORTLY AFTER**

4

Rose navigates the CALM CHAOS of a small psych unit inside a big hospital. She approaches the NURSES STATION. We can see an ORDERLY gently guiding Carl elsewhere in the b.g.

CARL

(back at it)

...He's gonna die. She's gonna die...

Rose hands a chart over to the NURSE behind the desk.

ROSE

Wanda, I'm putting Carl Renken into observation for a few days. He's harmless, but make sure someone checks in on him every couple hours.

WANDA

You got it. Hey, by the way, Dr. Desai was looking for you.

*

5 **EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY**

5

We're FLOATING 80 FEET ABOVE the hospital's PARKING LOT as:

An AMBULANCE careens to a halt outside an intake zone. EMTs unload a resistant FEMALE PATIENT.

FEMALE PATIENT

(80 feet below)

I'm not going in there! No! NO!!

Our POV passes through an EIGHTH-FLOOR GLASS WINDOW into...

6 INT. DR. DESAI'S OFFICE - HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

6

Another small office. DR. MORGAN DESAI (40s, academic, affable, beleaguered) sits at his desk buried in paperwork.

KNOCK-KNOCK - Rose pops her head in his door.

DR. DESAI

Hey. Did you send a patient named Sarah Marquet over to residency yesterday?

ROSE

Yeah. She has a history of drug abuse and mania, and has been in and out of our unit a few times.

DR. DESAI

Rose, she has no *insurance*.

ROSE

Okay, well last time she was here, we discharged her same-day, and she wound up back down in medicine two days later with a self-inflicted broken hand.

DR. DESAI

If you felt she was a danger, then you're supposed to order a 5150.

ROSE

She doesn't need her freedom taken away. She needs treatment.

DR. DESAI

The board's down my throat about paying out of pocket for *another* bed in the residency program.

ROSE

Well, *maybe* the board should actually try giving a shit about the *point* of our job here once in a while.

DR. DESAI

Look, I'm not questioning your judgment, I just need you to run it past me first next time so I can get ahead of it? Okay?

ROSE

Okay. Yeah. Sorry.

DR. DESAI
(checks his watch)
You haven't been here since the late
shift *last night*, have you?

7 **INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY**

7

We're slowly MOVING DOWN a relatively quiet hall of staff
offices. Our POV turns, PEERING through the open door to:

8 **INT. ROSE'S OFFICE - SAME**

8

Rose is packing up for the day. She puts her laptop into her
bag. Her phone BUZZES with a text.

*TREVOR: We still have dinner w your
sister tonight?*

Rose responds: *Yes [upside-down smiley emoji]*

She grabs her coat and puts it on, then turns off the lights
and exits, closing the door...

...But WE REMAIN inside the dim, empty office.

After a moment, Rose's desk phone RINGS. We PUSH IN on the
phone as it continues to RING inside the empty room...

We hear the office DOOR OPEN again. The lights flip back on.
Rose's HAND enters frame and snatches up the phone:

ROSE (O.S.)
Dr. Cotter..?

9 **INT. PSYCH UNIT - MOMENTS LATER**

9

On the move - Rose skims an INTAKE FORM as a NURSE debriefs:

NURSE
Laura Weaver. Twenty-six years old.
She's a grad student. Police were
called on her for a public
disturbance. EMS brought her in.

ROSE
She have any psych history?

NURSE

Nothing on file, but the police sent over a report from a *different* incident she was involved in last week.

ROSE

What was that about?

NURSE

A professor at her school bludgeoned himself to death with a hammer, and she was interviewed as the only witness.

*
*
*

ROSE

A *hammer*?

NURSE

Yeah, wouldn't be *my* choice either.

As they arrive at a DOOR, Rose hands the form to the nurse and he peels off. Rose opens the door and ENTERS:

10 INT. PSYCH EVAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

10

Rose steps in and HESITATES - both chairs in the center of the room are EMPTY. Her POV shifts to the far CORNER, where:

LAURA WEAVER (26) is backed against the wall like a cornered animal. She stares at Rose with big, manic eyes ringed by dark circles. *She's the patient we glimpsed outside.*

ROSE

Hi Laura. My name's Dr. Cotter. I'm a therapist. Would you like to sit?

LAURA

I--I can't be here. Can you tell them to let me go? Please? *Please?*!

ROSE

I know you're nervous. That's okay. I just wanna have a chat, maybe see if we can figure out what's going on today. That's all. After, we'll see about getting you home.

Laura squeezes her eyes shut against some crushing anxiety.

ROSE

I promise you this is a safe place.

LAURA

Not for me.

ROSE

Can I ask why you say that?

Laura shakes her head as if she's afraid to even say.

LAURA

...You won't *believe* me.

ROSE

The only reason I'm here is because I want to help. Right now, whatever you're going through - we'll figure it together. But I need you to talk to me.

Laura stays pressed to the corner, fraught with uncertainty.

ROSE

Come on, let's sit. Please.

Rose moves to one of the chairs and sits. She sets a DIGITAL RECORDER on the side table, next to a pot of flowers.

Laura wipes stray tears from her eyes. She creeps over and sits down opposite Rose, looking very uncomfortable. Rose clocks several CUTS AND BRUISES on Laura's face and hands.

ROSE

I'm gonna have to ask a couple questions that might sound a bit stupid, okay? What day of the week is it?

LAURA

Thursday. I'm not crazy.

ROSE

Nobody is saying that.

LAURA

But I need you to *understand*! I'm a PhD candidate, *okay*?! Not some lunatic!

ROSE

I understand. Just take a breath. Tell me what's going on.

Laura gathers herself, searching for where to even begin.

LAURA

I'm... *seeing* something. Something no one else can see, except me.

(MORE)

LAURA (cont'd)

And I *know* how *insane* that sounds, but I can't explain it... This thing... it *looks* like people. But it's *not* a person.

ROSE

I'm not sure I understand.

LAURA

It looks like people - like *different* people. Sometimes it pretends to be someone I know. Sometimes it's a random stranger. *Sometimes* it looks like my *grandfather* who died when I was seven...

(emphatic)

But it's all the *same thing*! It's like-- like it *wears* peoples' faces, like *masks*!

ROSE

Do you see it right now?

Laura nervously turns her head, eyes reluctantly searching around the obviously empty room. She shakes her head "no."

ROSE

What happens when you see it?

LAURA

It's *smiling* at me. But not a *friendly* smile. It's the worst smile I've ever seen. When I see it, I get this god-awful feeling, like everything is terribly wrong... I've never felt scared like I do when I see it.

ROSE

Have you ever experienced hallucinations before? Or anyone else in your family?

LAURA

It's not a hallucination! You don't get it. It does things to me. Causes shit to happen around me. It's like... like it's taking over my life! And-- and my mind! It *tells* me things!

ROSE

What does it say?

LAURA

That something horrible is going to happen to me... It said that *today*... That *today's* the day I'm--

She gets stuck, shaking her head, growing really upset.

ROSE

That's okay...I know what you're experiencing must feel incredibly real, and absolutely frightening... Sometimes, when we get emotionally overwhelmed or experience an intense trauma, our minds will--

LAURA

--No! You're not *listening* to me! Oh my god! I'm gonna fucking die, and *nobody* will listen to me!

Laura buries her face in her hands, choking back sobs, spiraling into a complete and total breakdown.

ROSE

Laura... Hey, it's okay. Look at me.

Laura lifts her wet eyes to look at Rose-- SHE SCREAMS AND RECOILS BACKWARDS!

She topples her chair and the side table between them, sending the POT OF FLOWERS to the floor with a CRASH--

Rose is jolted out of her own chair by the sudden reaction--

From the floor, Laura's eyes BULGE in abject terror as she stares at something behind Rose...

LAURA

No! No, it's here! Oh god!!!

ROSE

Laura, listen to me: it's just us. There's nothing else here.

Laura doesn't take her eyes off whatever she's staring at behind Rose as she begins to crawl backwards.

LAURA

No! Get away from me! GET AWAY FROM ME!

Despite herself, Rose glances over her shoulder to see if anyone (or anything) is behind her. But nothing's there.

Laura erupts into SHRIEKING HYSTERICS. Her mouth opens wide and she begins painfully clawing at her neck as her eyes roll up in her head like she's SUFFOCATING...

Completely freaked out now, Rose rushes over to the wall and snatches up the RED EMERGENCY PHONE, putting it to her ear:

ROSE

I have a patient emergency in Eval-2.
I need staff in here! Now! Hurry!

Laura has gone completely SILENT. Rose turns around...

Laura is now standing up, facing away from Rose so that she (and we) can't see her face. Her demeanor is eerily calm.

ROSE

Laura..?

No reaction. Rose sets the red phone back on its cradle. She takes a cautious step toward Laura...

ROSE

Can you hear me..?

Laura slowly turns around, and now we see she's SMILING - a wide, gleeful grin that FREEZES Rose in her tracks. She raises her hand, revealing a SHARD of the broken flower pot.

Rose stands there petrified, watching helplessly as:

Laura pushes the shard into the side of her face. She drags it downwards, splitting open her cheek. Once she reaches her neck, she JAMS the shard deep into her jugular--

Rose collapses back against the wall, staring, HORRIFIED--

TIME SEEMS TO SLOW AS AN EVIL OVERTURE RISES:

Laura gruesomely drags the shard across her throat, never flinching. She continues to smile as BLOOD ERUPTS VIOLENTLY.

Rose's legs give out and she slides down the wall to the floor, UNABLE TO LOOK AWAY, as...

Laura crumbles to the floor, DEAD. Yet she's still SMILING, and her eyes seem to remain STARING DIRECTLY AT ROSE...

The room's DOOR OPENS and ORDERLIES storm in. They rush to Laura, uselessly clamping hands on her open throat. Off Laura's dead, smiling gaze, our POV PANS to Rose, still sitting frozen against the wall.

*We PUSH IN on ROSE'S EYES - until a SINGLE TERRIFIED EYE fills the frame - we PUSH THROUGH ROSE'S PUPIL into **DARKNESS**, overture crescendoing --*

ROLL OPENING CREDITS

After the credits, we gradually fade back up on a hazy-grey AFTERNOON SKY viewed through a WINDOW.

11 **INT. MEETING ROOM - HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON (LATER)** 11

Rose sits at a table, staring out the window with numb eyes. We hear VOICES and SOUNDS of the hospital, but our senses are DULLED. Rose looks down - her hands are shaking. She squeezes them together in an attempt to stop them.

Out in the CORRIDOR, Dr. Desai is speaking with TWO MEN in plainclothes, wearing DETECTIVE BADGES around their necks.

One of the detectives, JOEL (37, ten o'clock shadow), makes eye contact with Rose. There's a look of familiarity. He acknowledges her with a look of condolence and small wave.

12 **INT. MEETING ROOM - FIVE MINUTES LATER** 12

Joel and the other detective, BUCKLEY (40s, crass), sit across from Rose. Rose looks very rattled.

DET. BUCKLEY

Had Ms. Weaver ever been a patient here before?

Rose shakes her head no.

DET. BUCKLEY

Would you say she was typical of the kind of patients you see?

ROSE

This is an emergency psychiatric unit. Typical isn't really a thing here.

DET. BUCKLEY

Right, but she was a headcase, yeah?

ROSE

I'm sorry - a headcase?

Joel winces at this.

JOEL

I think-- we're just trying to get your opinion of her mental state.

It's clear there's an awkwardness between Rose and Joel.

ROSE

She'd recently witnessed a violent suicide. She may have been suffering from acute post-trauma psychosis. She was having paranoid delusions.

DET. BUCKLEY

What kind of delusions?

ROSE

She was convinced some kind of "evil presence" was haunting her.

Buckley WHISTLES.

DET. BUCKLEY

Yikes.

Rose bristles at this but bites her tongue.

JOEL

It's just that we have to contact Ms. Weaver's family and attempt to explain what *happened*. So, we're looking for anything that might make some sense of all this. If there's *anything* else you could tell us that might help..?

Rose hesitates.

ROSE

Before she... died... she smiled.

The detectives absorb this weird piece of information.

DET. BUCKLEY

Yeah, sounds like she was fucking crazy to me.

13 INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - EVENING

13

A TOP-DOWN VIEW of a BODY (Laura's) beneath a WHITE SHEET. A large, crescent-shaped BLOODSTAIN has soiled the sheet where the body's neck would be, almost resembling a big red smile.

14 **EXT. WOODSY SUBURBAN ROAD - EVENING** 14

We track ROSE'S CAR from high above (bird's eye) as it travels along tree-lined roads. As the car curves around a bend, our POV ROLLS UPSIDE DOWN, creating a sensation of the CAR PLUNGING DOWNWARD, toward oblivion...

15 **INT. ROSE'S HOUSE - FRONT ENTRY - EVENING** 15

Unlit and gloomy. The front door unlocks. Rose enters.

A small CAT named MUSTACHE pads into the foyer and looks up at Rose. Rose stands there for a moment, staring into space.

16 **INT. BEDROOM - EVENING** 16

Rose lets down her hair. She pulls her sweater up over her head, then pauses, peering closely at it...

There are several tiny RED DOTS (blood) in the wool.

17 **EXT. DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER** 17

Rose opens the TRASHCAN and drops the balled up sweater in.

18 **INT. BATHROOM - EVENING** 18

Rose stands under the shower, anxiously scrubbing off the day. She looks like she might be crying, but all we can hear is the STREAM of hot water.

19 **INT. KITCHEN - SHORTLY AFTER** 19

Rose enters the dark kitchen without turning on any lights.

She retrieves a wine glass from a cupboard and opens the refrigerator, spilling fluorescent LIGHT from within. She grabs a half-empty bottle of white wine and pours a glass.

She stands in the cold light of the open refrigerator, gulping down the wine, mind heavy...

Rose suddenly FREEZES. She slowly turns toward the far side of the unlit kitchen...

Standing perfectly still in a very dark corner is LAURA (the patient who died). She's smiling at Rose.

Rose stands there, utterly petrified, staring at Laura...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Rose?

Rose nearly jumps out of her skin -- the wine glass slips from her hand and SHATTERS on the floor.

TREVOR (36, handsome, charming enough, aloof) turns on the OVERHEAD LIGHTS from the kitchen doorway.

TREVOR

Whoa, my bad! Did I scare you?

Rose glances back at the corner where Laura was standing. In the light, there's nothing there. She shakes her head.

ROSE

I didn't hear you come in.
(the broken glass)
...Shit.

Trevor steps around the broken glass and kisses Rose hello.

TREVOR

Hi.

ROSE

Hi.

Trevor inspects Rose, as if noticing something is off.

TREVOR

What's up? Something wrong?

ROSE

A patient died today. My patient. This young woman...

TREVOR

Ah babe, geez. I'm sorry. Come here.

Trevor wraps her up in a hug.

ROSE

She died right in front of me. It was awful.

TREVOR

I'm so sorry. What can I do?

Rose closes her eyes, sinking into his chest.

ROSE

This is a nice start.

TREVOR

Maybe we should just bail on dinner?

Rose scrunches up her face. She moves to a cupboard and retrieves a dust pan.

ROSE

We can't. Holly hired a sitter, and it'll just end up being a whole bigger headache if we don't go.

TREVOR

No way? *Holly* turning into a headache?

Trevor takes the dustpan from her. Rose kisses him again.

20 **EXT. TRENDY RESTAURANT PATIO - NIGHT**

20

A bustling restaurant patio under string lights. Rose and Trevor sit with HOLLY (38, bubbly, overbearing) and her husband GREG (40, vegetable lasagna). Everyone is drinking.

HOLLY

...now that he's in first grade, I have to be up at six a.m. to make his breakfast *and* pack his lunch, which has become this whole *extra* chore because recently my little genius decided he won't eat unless his food is blue, so I have to dye everything with food coloring -- which is a delightful phase that *better* stop soon. Plus his extra-curricular load is now easily that of a twelve or thirteen year old, between swim practice, piano lessons, karate, theater, oh *and* he's learning Spanish. You guys have no idea how exhausting it is to raise a gifted child, you're so lucky.

(then, to Rose)

Oh, by the way - you are coming Saturday afternoon, right?

ROSE

What? What's Saturday afternoon?

HOLLY

Uh *hello*? Jackson's seventh birthday party. I literally told you five times.

ROSE

I can't. I have to work.

HOLLY

But it's *Saturday*.

ROSE

Yeah, and I work on Saturdays.

HOLLY

See this is why you gotta get
out of that gross hospital
and into a private practice
with *normal* person hours.

ROSE

--*Gross*? It's not gross.
You're gross.

*

GREG

Yeah, there must be plenty of
crazies out there who could
actually *pay* for your time.

HOLLY

Oh my *god* exactly!

ROSE

Wow, that's a really hot tip, Greg.
Can you tell me more?

*

*

GREG

I'm just saying, isn't the whole
point of becoming a doctor to get
disgustingly rich?

*

*

*

TREVOR

Are you kidding? Rose would *pay* to be
a doctor she loves it so much. And
besides, she'll be disgustingly rich
anyway when I make junior partner.

*

*

*

*

HOLLY

Right. And *when* is that happening?

TREVOR

Real soon.

HOLLY

Uh-huh. Well since we're on
the topic of wasted earning
potential - can we *finally*
sell the house?

GREG

Bingo.

*

ROSE

Could we not do this again right now?

*

HOLLY

But it's just sitting there!

ROSE

We grew up in that house!

Greg scoffs.

GREG

Rose, come on, it's a total teardown.
Why not get some money for the land?

HOLLY

Yeah, why do you have to have *such* a
stick up your butt about it?

*

ROSE

I don't know - why do *you* have to
have such a stick up your butt about
everything?

*

*

*

22 INT. FRONT ENTRY - ROSE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

22

Rose and Trevor enter, turning on the lights. Mustache comes running up, swarming Rose's feet.

Trevor keys in a code on the SECURITY ALARM PAD on the wall.

23 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

23

Rose SNAPS open a can of cat food. Dumps its contents into a bowl and sets it on the floor. Mustache plows into it.

Rose's phone DINGS. It's an EMAIL from *Dr. Morgan Desai*:

*Hi Rose,
Just checking in. How are you holding up? If
you'd like to take a few (paid) days off from
the hospital, please don't hesitate to ask. A
break from things could prove rejuvenating.*

Rose looks up as Trevor appears in the kitchen doorway, in the process of taking off his pants.

TREVOR

You all good?

ROSE

Mm-hmm. Fine.

TREVOR

...Still thinking about your patient?

Rose shrug-nods.

TREVOR
You wanna *talk* about it?

Rose considers... then changes her mind and shakes her head.

ROSE
Nah. Not really.

Trevor smiles placatingly, ready to leave it at that.

TREVOR
Well, I've got a stupid-early client breakfast downtown in the morning, so I think I might just pop an Ambien and zonk out. Wanna join?

ROSE
I'll be in in a bit.

TREVOR
Okay... Oh hey, don't forget: we've got my boss's party tomorrow night.

ROSE
I didn't forget.

Trevor smiles again, then disappears out of the doorway.

TREVOR (O.S.)
Night!

24 **INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

24

Rose sits with her laptop, reading a MED DATABASE essay titled "*Symptomatology Behind Manifesting Hallucinations.*"

She YAWNS. Looks over at Mustache curled up on top of the couch, snoozing.

Rose pulls up an internet tab. Searches: "*Laura Weaver.*"

She clicks on social media pages. Scrolls through myriad PHOTOS OF LAURA - happy, carefree, with friends. Normal.

Rose stares at a close up photo of Laura smiling directly into the lens...

25 **INT. BREAK ROOM - HOSPITAL - MORNING**

25

Rose stands in the crummy BREAK ROOM staring sleeplessly at:

A crummy COFFEE MAKER, brewing crummy coffee.

ORDERLY (O.S.)

Morning, doc.

Rose snaps out of it as an ORDERLY puts a sack lunch in the fridge. She pours coffee into the mug she's already holding.

26 INT. PSYCH UNIT - DAY

26

Rose approaches the NURSES STATION.

ROSE

Hey Wanda, yesterday that patient Laura Weaver - the police had sent over a report for a different incident she'd been involved in. Can you have that forwarded to me?

WANDA

You got it, doc.

*

ROSE

Also, I was supposed to have a session with Jane Park, but it's no longer on the schedule?

WANDA

Oh yeah. She pulled a bunch of her hair out overnight and swallowed it all. They took her down to medicine to have her stomach pumped.

*

JOEL

Rose?

Rose spins around to find Joel, the detective from yesterday.

ROSE

(caught off guard)

Hey... What uh-- what are you..?

JOEL

I was on a call nearby, and I just... Well we didn't really get a chance to talk yesterday - I mean *besides* the... And anyway I just wanted you to know that I had no idea it was gonna be you when the call came in. Sorry if that was weird.

ROSE

It's your job. I get it. Was that other guy a new partner?

JOEL

Yeah. Buckley. Sorry about him too, he can be a bit... uh... well, yeah he's an asshole.

ROSE

That's a word for it.

JOEL

It's kinda been a while. How've you been?

ROSE

Joel, why are you here?

JOEL

Well, like I said, I was on a call nearby, and I just thought I'd check in on how you were holding up. Because after what you went through yesterday... That's not an easy thing.

Rose becomes aware of the nurses blatantly eavesdropping.

ROSE

Okay, well I appreciate your concern, but I don't need you to check on me.

JOEL

Right, yeah, no I... Sorry.

ROSE

Look, I really have to go. I'll see you around.

Rose walks off. Joel watches her go.

WANDA

Hey handsome: you do know she's engaged, right?

*

Joel flashes the nurse a curt smile.

WANDA

I'm single.

*

27 INT. ROSE'S OFFICE - DAY

27

Rose sits at her desk, chewing a finger nail as she stares at her computer. ON SCREEN: a police document titled *"Witness Statement - Laura Weaver."*

We glimpse a few key sentences as she scrolls:

"At approx. 11:30pm, Witness (Laura Weaver) encountered Professor Gabriel Muñoz inside campus library. Weaver reports Muñoz was holding a claw hammer (1A) and used it strike himself in the face. Muñoz sustained at least 10 blunt force trauma wounds before expiring."

Rose's eyes catch on a particular note:

"Muñoz smiled at her, then proceeded to bludgeon himself."

She stares at that line, puzzled. Her CELL PHONE RINGS: *Holly Calling*. She considers for another ring, then answers:

ROSE

Hey.

HOLLY (PHONE)

Hi... So, I just wanted to say sorry about last night. I shouldn't have kept going at you like that.

Rose moves to the window, staring outside.

ROSE

No, I should apologize. I've been dealing with some stuff, and I wasn't being very good company.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW: A FIGURE is standing motionless across the car park, seemingly staring at the building. It's almost as if they're staring at Rose, but it's too far to tell.

HOLLY (PHONE)

Are you okay? Because you did seem pretty stressed last night. You know I'm here for you right? If you ever want to talk - about anything.

Rose turns away from the window.

ROSE

I'm fine, really. I just, um... Do you remember Joel?

HOLLY

Joel, as in the adorable but broke cop whose heart you smashed into a million pieces-Joel?

ROSE

I um, saw him yesterday - and then ran into him again today, and it... I dunno... it kind of threw me off.

HOLLY (PHONE)

Sounds scandalous!

ROSE

No no - I promise you it's not. In fact, forget I brought it up.

HOLLY (PHONE)

Alright. Anyhow, can I get you to reconsider coming to Jackson's party tomorrow? It's going to be epic and we'd really love to have you there.

ROSE

Holly, I still have to work... But maybe I could stop by after and bring Jackson a birthday present?

HOLLY (PHONE)

That'd be perfect! And if you need an idea: right now he's really into model trains and all the little villages and cute stuff. He got into it all on his own too. Isn't he such a little genius!?

28 INT. CORRIDOR - PSYCH UNIT - DAY

28

We TRACK WITH ROSE as she walks down the hall, passing by doors to patient rooms.

As she passes an OPEN DOOR, we can see Carl (her first patient from yesterday) inside the room, facing the doorway with a big, unnerving smile on his face.

Rose HESITATES. She reverses and steps into CARL'S ROOM.

ROSE

Hi Carl... How are you feeling?

Carl doesn't respond or even move a muscle. He just sits there with that awful smile on his face.

ROSE
Carl..? Are you alright?

Rose bends close to him. She SNAPS her fingers in front of his face, to no reaction.

ROSE
Carl--

CARL
--She's gonna die...

Rose recoils in surprise. Carl keeps grinning as:

CARL (CONTINUING)
...I'm gonna die. Everybody dies...

ROSE
Carl, can you look at me please?

CARL (CONTINUING)
...She's gonna die. She's gonna die.
She's gonna die...

ROSE
Carl... Carl, look at me--

Carl's eyes suddenly shift, now staring menacingly at Rose--

CARL (CONTINUING)
...You're going to die. You're going
to die. You're going to die...

Rose stares into his unblinking eyes, his cruel smile.

Carl stands up, his presence suddenly very threatening. Rose backs away, anxiety exploding. Carl steps toward her.

CARL (CONTINUING)
YOU'RE GOING TO DIE! YOU'RE GOING TO
DIE! YOU'RE GOING TO DIE!

Carl reaches toward Rose, grinning like an absolute lunatic:

CARL
You can't stop what's coming!

Rose stumbles backward and turns for the door, rushing back out into the HALLWAY--

ROSE
STAFF! HELP! I NEED STAFF!

A TRIO OF ORDERLIES huddled nearby dash over to Rose.

ROSE
This patient's 5150! He needs to be
restrained!

The orderlies rush into the room, finding:

Carl curled up against the wall, in the midst of a full blown
anxiety attack (and definitely not smiling).

The orderlies pin Carl's limbs down.

CARL
No! No no no no NO!!

Several more orderlies arrive and jump into the scrum. Carl
SCREAMS as they drag him off the bed.

29 **INT. DR. DESAI'S OFFICE - SHORTLY AFTER**

29

Dr. Desai sits behind his desk staring at us. He DRUMS his
fingers on the desk.

Rose sits opposite looking admonished and disconcerted.

ROSE
He was *aggressive*. Acting *psychotic*. I
was concerned for his own safety.

DR. DESAI
Carl Renken has been in and out of
here a dozen times and he's never
exhibited behavior even close to
aggressive. The staff said he had
been cooperative all morning, but he
became so distressed by restraint
protocols that he had to be
administered haloperidol.

ROSE
Do you think I'm *making it up*?

DR. DESAI
Of course not. But has it occurred to
you that your interaction with Carl
today may have been clouded by what
happened with Laura Weaver *yesterday*?

ROSE
Meaning?

DR. DESAI

A patient in your care killed herself, brutally, right in front of you. Is it possible that when you presumed Carl Renken was a danger to himself, *that's* what your mind was reacting to?

Rose shifts uncomfortably, chewing on this for a moment.

ROSE

I suppose I could've misinterpreted the situation and overreacted.

Desai sighs heavily. His expression softens.

DR. DESAI

Here's what's going to happen: you're going to take a paid week off.

ROSE

Morgan, that's really not necessary.

DR. DESAI

You just had a traumatic experience involving a patient yesterday. You've been pulling eighty-hour weeks for months, and don't take this the wrong way, but you look like you haven't been sleeping. Burnout is real. We can't help these patients unless we have our own mental health in check.

Rose shakes her head, disagreeing but saying nothing.

DR. DESAI

You're *valued* here. Which means it's in the unit's best interest that you catch your breath. Just take the week, do whatever you need to do to clear your head, and come back fresh. Okay?

30 **INT. PARKING LOT - DAY**

30

Rose walks through the employee lot. Her eyes are buzzing with frustration. She unlocks her CAR and gets in.

31 **INT. ROSE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

31

Rose just sits there for a moment, looking overwhelmed.

She closes her eyes and INHALES deeply through her nose... EXHALES, letting all the air out. Then repeats, meditatively focusing on taking CALMING BREATHS:

IN... OUT... IN... OUT... IN... OUT... IN--

31A **EXT. CITY - DAY**

31A

--A BLAST of city noise. We're high up, watching TRAFFIC crawl along. Our POV is aggressively ZOOMING IN on the line of traffic, honing in on ROSE'S CAR...

32 **INT. ROSE'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY**

32

Rose looks unsettled as she navigates TRAFFIC. She stops at a red light. Chews on a fingernail. Looks out her WINDOW:

She's parallel with a HOBBY SHOP. The display window has various scale models and ELECTRIC TRAIN SETS.

HONK! The light's GREEN and the car behind has no patience.

34 **EXT. HOBBY SHOP - MINUTES LATER**

34

A POV THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOW: Rose is at the register. The PROPRIETOR shows off a hand-painted TRAIN CABOOSE. Rose shrugs, then nods. The proprietor places it into a GIFT BOX with tissue paper, while Rose chews on a nail nervously.

35 **INT. REFRIGERATOR - ROSE'S HOUSE - EVENING**

35

DARKNESS. We're INSIDE THE REFRIGERATOR facing out as Rose OPENS THE DOOR. She reaches into the cold electric light and withdraws a BOTTLE OF WHITE WINE. Rose shuts the door, plunging us to BLACK.

36 **INT. HALL CLOSET - EVENING**

36

INSIDE A DARK CLOSET now, facing out again, as Rose OPENS THE DOOR. She grabs a ROLL OF GIFT WRAP from a shelf. She closes the door, sending us back to BLACK.

37 **INT. KITCHEN - EVENING**

37

Rose sits at the kitchen table, carefully measuring the wrapping paper for the GIFT BOX containing the train piece.

She uses SCISSORS to make a cut in the wrapping paper. Begins neatly folding up the sides.

Her cell BUZZES with a text.

*TREVOR: Just finishing w a client.
Ready to leave when I get home?*

She taps out a response and sets her phone down. She picks up her glass of wine, finishing the last sip.

Rose gets up with her empty glass and goes over to the bottle resting on the kitchen island. Pours a refill.

She stands there in the heavy silence of the house, thoughts filled with nagging anxiety...

REEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

Rose nearly has a heart attack as the house's security alarm suddenly SCREECHES deafeningly--

ROSE
WHAT THE FUCK?!

Rose instinctively crouches down, totally caught off guard. Her eyes dart around, as if an explanation might appear.

38 **INT. FRONT ENTRY - MOMENTS LATER**

38

With the alarm still BLARING -- Rose cautiously approaches the front door, gripping the scissors. The door is closed.

Rose turns to the SECURITY PANEL on the wall. Taps in a code -
- the alarm falls SILENT.

She looks at the front door again. It's still locked. Rose turns and glances behind her...

39 **INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

39

Rose leans into the room and turns on the lights. Her vision immediately lands on the DOOR TO THE BACKYARD - it's ajar.

Her eyes scan the rest of the room. Nothing appears out of place. She looks at the open door again...

RING RING! The LANDLINE rings out like a gunshot, startling Rose all over again.

She rushes over to an end table and grabs the cordless HOUSE PHONE, answering while staring at that open door:

ROSE

Hello?

DISPATCHER (PHONE)

This is First Line Security. May I have your name and the pass code?

ROSE

Rose Cotter. Um-- "Acapulco."

DISPATCHER (PHONE)

Ma'am, we've detected a door alarm.

ROSE

I just found my back door open...

DISPATCHER (PHONE)

Are you alone in the house, Ma'am?

ROSE

Yes.

DISPATCHER (PHONE)

Are you sure?

ROSE

...What?

DISPATCHER (PHONE)

Are you sure you haven't let something inside, Rose?

Rose's heart leaps into her throat.

DISPATCHER (PHONE)

Look behind you.

VOICE IN THE ROOM (O.S.)

Look behind you.

Rose is nearly paralyzed with fright. She slowly begins to turn her head, dreading what she's going to see...

...But there's no one behind her. She's alone.

RING RING! The phone is suddenly RINGING LOUDLY again, re-startling Rose--

But the phone isn't in her hand - it's back on its cradle on the table. Didn't she pick it up?

Rose timidly picks up the phone, answering with a whisper:

ROSE

...hello?

DISPATCHER (PHONE)

*This is First Line Security. May I
have your name and the pass code?*

Off Rose's very freaked out face, we CUT TO:

40 **EXT. ROSE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

40

An EXTREME HIGH AND WIDE ANGLE of the house. A POLICE CRUISER is parked in the driveway, RED AND BLUE LIGHTS slowly rotating, lighting up the dark swath of skinny trees.

Our high POV is eerily GLIDING DOWN toward the house. As we draw closer, we can see a FIGURE moving around the back deck, methodically sweeping a FLASHLIGHT around...

41 **EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT**

41

Rose leans against her car, eyes filled with stress as she absentmindedly gnaws on a fingernail.

She looks up as TWO POLICE OFFICERS exit the house.

OFFICER CHAN

We did a full sweep inside and out,
it's all clear. There's no sign
anyone was here.

ROSE

What about the back door?

OFFICER CHAN

Is it possible it wasn't fully
latched last time it was closed?

ROSE

I don't know. Maybe..?

Rose shrugs and shakes her head, feeling ridiculous.

OFFICER WILKES

Hey, I wouldn't worry about it. These
false alarms happen all the time.

HEADLIGHTS draw Rose's attention as Trevor's car pulls into the driveway. She waves awkwardly at him.

OFFICER WILKES
If anything else comes up, you can
give us a call.

ROSE
Okay. Thanks. Sorry again.

The officers nod at Rose and then walk down the driveway
toward their patrol vehicle. Trevor steps out of his car.

OFFICER CHAN
Evening, sir.

TREVOR
Uh, evening?

The cops get into their car. Trevor looks to Rose, confused.

42 **INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

42

Rose opens a can of CAT FOOD and dumps it in a bowl. She
looks rattled, her movements a bit erratic. She calls out:

ROSE
Mustache..!

Trevor stands in the kitchen doorway.

TREVOR
I don't understand. You set the alarm
after you got home?

ROSE
I didn't even realize I did. I must
have set it by accident or something.
(calling out)
Mustache, dinner..!

TREVOR
By *accident*...?

ROSE
Sorry. My head's been in this, like,
foggy... creepy-spacey place all day.
There was this weird incident at work.
And now my boss is forcing me to take a
week off because of what happened with
the patient who died *yesterday*...
(exhales like "blah")
Anyway, I'm just glad you're home.

Trevor nods, perhaps a bit too much.

TREVOR
Uh-huh. Well, maybe you should just
take it easy tonight?

ROSE
What?

TREVOR
I've still gotta go to my boss's
thing, but you can totally just hang
back and relax if you want.

Rose balks. Attempts to reverse course:

ROSE
Oh. No, I mean I'm *fine*. I was just
venting is all. Really, I'm okay. I
just have to get dressed, and we can
go. I know it's important to you.

Trevor hesitates, as if this wasn't the response he was
fishing for.

TREVOR
Oh, okay... Are you sure?

ROSE
Of course. I'll just throw on a
dress, and we'll go.

TREVOR
Great.

ROSE
Will you see if you can find Mustache?

Rose hurries off, leaving Trevor standing there, vexed.

43 **INT. POSH HOTEL BAR VENUE - NIGHT**

43

ANGLE ON: an extravagant, high-end RAW BAR. Ice sculptures
lit from beneath, offering up oysters, shrimp, and sushi.

We're in a private party at an upscale venue. Various white-
collar types and their plus ones circulate with drinks.

We find Rose (wearing a dress) standing with Trevor as a
FINANCE BRO (mid-30s) talks at him.

FINANCE BRO
Did you hear that fucking *Diaz* got
the Pembroke Account?

Trevor is only half-listening, craning his neck to look at something across the party.

TREVOR

Yup.

Rose is downing a glass of champagne, a little too quickly.

FINANCE BRO

Man, I'd cut my dick off for the Pembroke Account.

A BRASH COLLEAGUE (mid-30s) edges her way over to them. *

BRASH COLLEAGUE *

Hey you fucks hear Diaz got the Pembroke Account?

FINANCE BRO

Fucking Diaz.

The Brash Colleague notices Rose. *

BRASH COLLEAGUE *

Who's this? You bring a date?

Rose awkwardly tries to swallow a mouthful of champagne.

ROSE

I'm Rose. Trevor's fiancée. Hi.

Trevor is still laser focused on something across the room.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PARTY: a small group fawns over a BALDING MAN (60s), laughing as he finishes a joke. The balding man excuses himself from the group.

TREVOR

I'll be right back.

(turns to Rose)

You're good here a sec, right?

ROSE

(not at all)

Um. Yeah. No problem.

Trevor weaves off into the crowd. Rose finishes the last sip of her champagne.

Brash Colleague settles her focus on Rose again. *

BRASH COLLEAGUE *

So what do *you* do?

ROSE
I'm a clinical psychiatrist.

BRASH COLLEAGUE
Yuck, really? You know, I read that statistically psychiatrists actually have the highest rate of suicide of any profession. Don't you find that like crazy-ironic?

*

Rose looks around, desperate to escape this person.

BRASH COLLEAGUE
Although, I suppose if I had to listen to a bunch of losers complain about their mommy issues all day I'd wanna blow *my* brains out too.

*

SERVER (O.S.)
Champagne?

ROSE
Oh god, please--

Rose turns to the SERVER, trading her empty glass for a fresh one from his tray. The server smiles strangely at her, then turns and continues on her way.

Rose stares after the server, anxiety spiking...

44 INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

44

Elegant polished tile and pleasing lighting. Rose pushes through the door, taking shallow, panicky breaths.

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN washing her hands glances over at Rose.

Rose moves to a sink mirror, burying her panic and busying herself with checking her makeup. The other woman moves for the exit, gently touching Rose's shoulder as she passes:

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN
Hon, whoever he is, he ain't worth it. Trust me.

ROSE
Oh. No, I--

The other woman opens the door and leaves.

Rose sniffs back the threat of tears. She moves into a STALL, shutting the door and sitting down on the toilet.

She grabs some toilet paper and dabs the corner of her eyes, taking preventative measures against wet mascara.

ROSE

Stop it.

Rose closes her eyes. She INHALES through her nose... EXHALES from her mouth. Focuses on calming breaths:

IN... OUT... IN... OUT... IN... OUT--

As Rose breathes, we gradually become aware of the SOUND OF SOMEONE ELSE BREATHING in exact cadence with her--

Rose's eyes snap open. She listens...

Silence. Rose shakes her head, feeling stupid.

The SOUND OF BREATHING starts again. Rose freezes. She slowly turns and looks at the divider beside her...

The BREATHING is coming from the STALL NEXT TO HERS. It begins to grow LOUDER, filling the bathroom.

Rose sits there in a frozen panic, staring at the divider as the breathing becomes punctuated by short bursts of insane LAUGHTER... Then:

PALE FINGERS curl over the top of the divider, gripping the metal. The top of a HEAD eerily begins to rise above the divider: wet, stringy hair over a deathly pale forehead...

...the breathing grows to a SHRILL FEVER PITCH as pair of horrible WIDE EYES stare down menacingly at Rose...

Rose finally comes unglued, lurching off of the toilet -- she fumbles with the door lock and erupts out of the stall--

--collapsing against a sink, and staring back at the stall she just emerged from...

There's no breathing. She KICKS OPEN the adjacent stall door -
- there's no one inside.

Rose turns to find TWO YOUNG WOMEN in tight dresses standing by another sink, gawking at her like she's a hot mess.

Rose quickly moves past them, bolting for the bathroom door.

Rose emerges back into the din of the party.

She blindly weaves through the other party goers, keeping her head down. She *nearly* collides with a SERVER carrying a tray of drinks, abruptly forced to change direction...

Rose stumbles right into the center of a GROUP OF PEOPLE--

TREVOR (O.S.)

...Rose?

Rose freezes, a deer in headlights. TREVOR is among the group she just barged into. The BALDING MAN (his boss) is right next to him, as if she interrupted them mid-convo.

Rose feels the entire group's eyes on her. Her face is a frightful wet mess of BLACK MASCARA.

Trevor's face drops.

TREVOR

Are you okay?

ROSE

(tears flowing)

I... I... Sorry, excuse me--

Rose hides her face, backing away and turning for an exit--

She immediately COLLIDES with a SERVER, sending her off balance -- stumbling backwards --

ROSE FALLS DIRECTLY INTO THE RAW BAR

A THUNDEROUS CRASH as the raw bar collapses beneath Rose, ice sculptures shattering, seafood exploding everywhere.

The entire party quiets and turns toward the commotion.

ROSE

FUCK!!

Rose scrambles back up from the floor, wobbly. She's covered in bright red cocktail sauce. A hundred heads stare at her.

Trevor looks mortified.

Rose is beyond appalled.

She turns and FLEES, SLAMMING through the exit door. We STAY BEHIND to see the entire party silently gawking...

After slightly too long, Trevor awkwardly sets his drink down and jogs for the exit.

46 **EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT**

46

Rose hurries away from the hotel, on the cusp of an emotional breakdown. Trevor appears behind her.

TREVOR

Rose!

Rose stops. Trevor jogs to catch up.

TREVOR

What happened!?

ROSE

Nothing! I don't know!

TREVOR

What?!

ROSE

I just have to leave! I'm sorry!

TREVOR

Why?! What's going on? Are you okay?!

ROSE

(not fine)

I'm fine! Everything is *fine*! I just have to go! Okay?!

TREVOR

Rose, what the fuck!? Talk to me!
What happened back there?!

ROSE

Nothing! Nothing happened! Can I just go?! *Please?!*

Trevor stares at Rose in disbelief. She's really upset.

47 **INT. BATHROOM - ROSE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

47

Rose sits in front of her vanity, exhausted, removing her ruined makeup. Her eyes are racked with anxiety.

She looks at her dress, which is torn and covered with cocktail sauce.

She winces in pain. Unzips her dress and turns to inspect her SIDE in the mirror. A big PURPLE BRUISE is forming.

She scrolls through her phone. Her thumb hovers over a name: *MADELINE*. Rose chews a nail, deliberating... Then hits call.

After several rings, a WOMAN'S subdued voice answers:

MADLINE (PHONE) ROSE
Hello? Rose..? Hi. Um...
...Is everything alright?

ROSE
Yeah, no everything's *fine*... I'm
sorry for calling so late.

MADELINE (PHONE)
*Not at all. It's nice to hear your
 voice again. What's the occasion?*

Rose squeezes her eyes shut, uncomfortable.

ROSE
I know it's super last minute, but is there any possible chance I could come by tomorrow? Maybe? Just to chat.

MADELINE (PHONE)
Tomorrow...?
 (slight hesitation)
*My first appointment is at nine. I can
 meet you at my office at eight?*

ROSE
Yes. I'll be there, thank you.

MADELINE (PHONE)
*Rose, is there anything you feel you
 want to tell me right now?*

ROSE
No. No, it's nothing that urgent.

MADELINE (PHONE)
*Alright. Then I look forward to
 seeing you tomorrow.*

ROSE
Thank you. And sorry again. Bye.

MADELINE (PHONE) ROSE
Rose--? --Oh, yes?

MADELINE (PHONE)
It's good you called.

ROSE
...Okay. Bye.

Rose hangs up. She stares at the phone, full of uncertainty.

47A **EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT**

47A

Rose opens the trash can. Stares down at her cashmere sweater lying on top of a pile of garbage. She drops her ruined dress inside.

48 **INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

48

Trevor sits on the couch. A recap of the day's stock exchange plays on the TV, the volume at a low burble.

Rose lingers in the doorway in pajamas, staring at the back of Trevor's head. She takes a timid step into the room.

ROSE
Hey. Can we talk a sec..?

Trevor doesn't turn his head or acknowledge her.

ROSE
Trevor..?

Nothing. She takes a cautious few steps forward...

...now we see Trevor has EARBUDS in and is on his LAPTOP.

Not wanting to startle him, Rose awkwardly attempts to move closer and into Trevor's periphery, waving her arm.

ROSE
Trevor..? Trevor... Trevor--

Trevor is STARTLED at the sudden sight of Rose right next to him, which causes her to also RECOIL--

TREVOR
Wha--! Jesus!

ROSE
--Sorry!

Trevor exhales sharply and pulls his earbuds out.

ROSE
Sorry, I just...
(collects herself)
I wanted to apologize. For tonight.
For the way I acted.

TREVOR

...It's fine. I just don't understand what happened. And I don't know how I'm supposed to react when you don't want to talk to me.

Rose exhales, feeling vulnerable.

ROSE

The patient I told you about - the one who died right in front of me? I guess it's affected me psychologically more than I realized.

TREVOR

Psychologically? I don't-- what does that mean? *Psychologically?*

ROSE

It's like... I've been feeling this overwhelming sense of anxiety that just won't go away. I've been having these... panic attacks. They feel, I dunno, surreal? And, I guess, frightening? That's what happened tonight. It might be symptoms of post-traumatic stress - which *would* make sense. But I've been keeping you in the dark about it, which isn't fair. I was embarrassed, and... I'm sorry.

Trevor absorbs this. If anything he looks more concerned.

TREVOR

Panic attacks? Should we go to the hospital or something?

ROSE

What-? No, I'm just trying to *communicate* with you.

TREVOR

Maybe we *should* at least call a doctor?

Rose grabs Trevor's hand.

ROSE

You don't need to worry. It's going to be fine, I'm dealing with it. I'm gonna go see Madeline tomorrow.

TREVOR

Who?

ROSE

Madeline. The therapist I used to see? I've mentioned her to you.

TREVOR

Right, okay. That's good... Is there anything *I* can do?

ROSE

No. No, you're great. Thank you for understanding. I love you.

TREVOR

Okay. I love you too... If you're sure you're alright, I really should get a few emails out tonight, though...

He pulls his hand from hers, returning to his laptop.

ROSE

Okay... Hey, I still haven't been able to find Mustache. I'm worried he might have gotten outside earlier.

TREVOR

I'm sure he's fine. He's probably just chasing birds in the woods. He'll get hungry and show back up.

49 **EXT. BACK DECK - NIGHT**

49

Rose stares out into the dark woods behind the house. She RATTLES dry cat food inside a metal bowl.

ROSE

Mustache...? *Psspsspsspss...* Mustache!

Rose sets the food bowl down on the deck stairs. She sits down beside it and massages her face, exhausted.

50 **INT. HALLWAY IN A HOUSE - DAY**

50

We're SLOWLY MOVING DOWN an unfamiliar HALLWAY toward a CLOSED DOOR. As we arrive, it CREAKS OPEN, revealing:

51 **INT. DISHEVELED BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

51

The messy bedroom from the film's opening shot. The DEAD WOMAN is lying twisted in the bed sheets, the same as we last saw her: eyes staring right at us, mouth frozen agape.

We MOVE IN closer and closer on the woman, until her FACE fills the entire frame...

THE DEAD WOMAN SUDDENLY GASPS FOR AIR--

52 **INT. BEDROOM - ROSE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

52

--Rose JOLTS up in bed, GASPING FOR AIR, drenched in sweat.

She glances over at Trevor, who's asleep on his side with his back to her. Rose sucks her breath in, desperate not to wake him... He doesn't stir.

53 **EXT. ROSE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

53

The dark house is bathed in moonlight. A DIM LIGHT appears in the kitchen.

LAURA'S VOICE (RECORDING)
...It looks like people. But it's not a person...

ROSE'S VOICE (RECORDING)
I'm not sure I understand.

54 **INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

54

Rose sits at the kitchen table with her laptop, wearing HEADPHONES. She's playing back a DIGITAL RECORDING:

LAURA'S VOICE (RECORDING)
...like different people. Sometimes it's someone I know. Sometimes it's a random stranger--

Rose fast forwards... Presses play:

LAURA'S VOICE (RECORDING)
...It's smiling at me. But not a friendly smile. It's the worst smile I've ever seen. When I see it, I get this god-awful feeling, like everything is terribly wrong--

She fast forwards again... Plays:

LAURA'S VOICE (RECORDING)
It's not a hallucination! You don't get it. It's does things to me. Causes shit to happen around me. It--

She runs it forward again. Hits play, and we hear the frantic sounds of LAURA FREAKING OUT:

LAURA'S VOICE (RECORDING)
Get away from me! GET AWAY FROM ME!
(scuffling)
HELP! HELP ME! NOOO! AHHHH!!!!

Rose lets it keep playing and we relive the uncomfortable sounds of Laura's SHRIEKING HYSTERICS.

ROSE'S VOICE (RECORDING)
I have a patient emergency in Eval-2. I need staff in here! Now! Hurry!

The hysterics go silent. Then:

ROSE'S VOICE (RECORDING)
Laura..?

A strange, SOFT SOUND CRACKLES on the recording - like an unintelligible WHISPER. Rose pauses the recording, puzzled. She rewinds it. Plays it again...

ROSE'S VOICE (RECORDING)
Laura..?

WHISPER (RECORDING)
(very quiet)

Rooooosse...

Rose rewinds. Ups the volume. Presses play and leans in...

ROSE'S VOICE (RECORDING)
Laura..?

WHISPER (RECORDING)

Rooooosse...

Pause. Rewind. More volume. Play...

We go ECU on Rose's face as she listens with intensity...

ROSE'S VOICE (RECORDING)
Laura..?

...Nothing. No whisper, just dead air...

Rose's eyes narrow, confused. She leans back, revealing the DEAD WOMAN FROM HER DREAM GRINNING right next to her:

DEAD WOMAN
ROSE!!!

Rose SCREAMS and kicks backward, falling out of her chair--
Still SCREAMING, she lurches up and backs into the counter.
Her hand finds the knife block and draws a large KNIFE--

ROSE
Aahh! Aaahhhh!!

Rose wields the knife out in front of her, *eyes frantically searching the dim kitchen for whatever the fuck that was...*

But she appears to be all alone...

TREVOR BURSTS INTO THE KITCHEN IN HIS BOXERS--

TREVOR
Rose!? What is--

Rose SHRIEKS and angles the knife toward Trevor--

TREVOR
AHH WHAT THE FUCK?!

Trevor backs against the wall, raising his palms in fear--

TREVOR
Rose, put the knife down!

Rose's eyes are crazed. The knife trembles in her grip.

TREVOR
Rose!!

55 **INT. OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING**

55

A small, luxury building of high-end private offices. A well-appointed WOMAN in her fifties enters. She pauses, seeing...

Rose waiting outside an office, looking like a nervous mess. A PLACARD beside her reads: DR. MADELINE NORTHCOTT.

56 **INT. MADELINE'S OFFICE - MORNING**

56

Madeline's office is as well-appointed as she is. Designer seating. Art on the walls. The benefits of private practice.

Rose looks very uncomfortable being on the other side of the proverbial couch. Her leg jostles with nervous energy.

ROSE

...It wasn't even so much the *blood*.
Not that *that* wasn't awful... It was
her face... The *look* she had...

MADELINE

How did it make you feel?

ROSE

Terrified - *obviously*... And helpless.
Vulnerable. Confused. Guilty.

MADELINE

Guilty?

ROSE

She was *my* patient.

MADELINE

She was a disturbed young woman you
only met for ten minutes. That she
happened to walk through your door
instead of any other therapist's
doesn't mean the outcome would have
been any different.

ROSE

I just... I feel like I've gotten *stuck*
on it. I can't get it out of my head.

MADELINE

Have you considered the reason you
feel *stuck* could actually be more
about your *mother's* suicide?

A charged pause as Rose considers the question.

MADELINE

Do you still think about it often?

ROSE

Of course I do.

MADELINE

And do you still blame yourself?

ROSE

(defensive)

I don't *blame* myself. It's just that
I was *there*. Anyways, I'm not really
looking to re-litigate *that* part of
my life right now, so...

MADELINE

Fair enough. How are things at home?

ROSE

With Trevor..? Fine... I mean, he can be a little preoccupied with his own stuff. But so can I... I don't know, sometimes it feels like we've arrived at this place where each of us is afraid to rock the boat, and so instead of ever having an *honest* conversation, we just keep pretending everything *is* fine. Which it *is*. Or it was? Because now I've thrust *this* whole situation on him and I'm not sure how he's handling it exactly... I don't know - I don't want to talk about Trevor either.

MADELINE

What *would* you like to talk about?

Rose shifts uncomfortably.

ROSE

...I was hoping you could write me a script for Risperdal?

Madeline raises her eyebrows, surprised.

ROSE

Ever since that patient, I've been...
(embarrassed)
...seeing things. And hearing things. I'm certain it's symptoms of post-trauma.

MADELINE

Let's avoid any self-diagnosis. What is it you're seeing and hearing?

ROSE

Faces. Echoes of what happened to my patient. Just fleeting moments of stress-induced hallucinations... But while it's happening it feels so-- so *corporeal*, and unsettling. And then also I've been having this *paranoia* that I *know* is illogical... I just... I don't want everything to suddenly fall apart, you know?

MADELINE

Rose, from where I'm sitting, you don't seem delusional or disordered to me. And certainly not *psychotic*. In my opinion, the experience with your patient has triggered old anxieties, compounded with too much stress and not enough sleep. You have wounds that have never fully healed. And it's possible they never will completely - that's the nature of trauma. But you can learn to get *control* over it.

Rose seems very uncertain about what Madeline is saying.

MADELINE

Have you been continuing to see patients while you've been coping with all of this?

ROSE

I'm taking a short hiatus.

MADELINE

Good. If you want my advice - use this time to do something different. Something boring. Or even better, something you *enjoy* that might even make you smile. Anything that will get your mind off the triggers causing you stress... I also think it would be helpful to resume our regular sessions again.

Rose nods.

ROSE

And the Risperdal? I was thinking... just to have it. Just in case.

MADELINE

Let's talk again next week, before we consider any medication. In the meantime, you can always call me.

57 **INT. BATHROOM - ROSE'S HOUSE - DAY**

57

Rose sits at her vanity, putting on just a touch of makeup. She takes a deep breath. Practices smiling in the mirror.

Rose lets the smile drop. Her eyes are uneasy.

58 **INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - DAY** 58

Rose browses the clothes hanging in her WALK-IN CLOSET.

58A **MOMENTS LATER** 58A

Rose stands in front of a mirror wearing a casual sundress. She smooths a wrinkle with her hand. Puts on a smile.

59 **INT. ROSE'S CAR - DAY** 59

Rose parks on the side of a RESIDENTIAL STREET.

She tilts the rear view toward herself and fixes a loose strand of hair. Practices the smile again.

Rose reaches over to the passenger seat and picks up the GIFT WRAPPED BOX (the electric train set for her nephew).

60 **INT. HOLLY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY** 60

The FRONT DOOR OPENS to reveal Rose holding the present, SMILING her practiced smile. Holly swarms Rose with a hug.

HOLLY

Oh my god you made it!

ROSE

Surprise!

Holly ushers Rose into the house. We can hear the raucous sounds of a CHILD'S BIRTHDAY PARTY within.

HOLLY

I thought you had to work?

ROSE

I decided to take the day off.

Holly leads Rose into the LIVING ROOM, which has been decorated (way over the top) for a child's birthday. Children run around, jacked up on sugar, while parents gossip idly.

JACKSON (7) zooms by leading a gaggle of other children --

HOLLY

Jackson! Look who's here!

ROSE

Hey Jackson! Happy birthday!

Jackson stops on a dime and gives Rose a silly smile and a big, exaggerated thumbs up.

JACKSON

Cool dude!

And then he's immediately off again.

HOLLY

Here, let me take this.

Holly relieves Rose of the GIFT she brought. Holly suddenly notices Greg carrying a PLATTER OF FANCY FINGER SANDWICHES out of the kitchen, pushing a whole one into his mouth.

HOLLY

Greg! No. I told you not to bring those out yet!

Holly pushes Rose forward into a circle of her MOM FRIENDS.

HOLLY

Ladies, I have to go corral my dipshit husband. Can one of you show my sister to the grown-up refreshments?

STEPHANIE

Sure!

Holly walks off. Her friend STEPHANIE takes Rose's arm, leading her.

STEPHANIE

Come on. We've got a stash in the kitchen. You're the therapist, right?

ROSE

Um, yeah..?

STEPHANIE

Fantastic! Can I ask your advice? My husband has started complaining if we go a few weeks without having sex. Do you think if I ignore it maybe he'll just let it die? Or could this develop into like a full blown thing? Because really I'd rather *not* have to get a divorce, but *also* I don't want to have to fuck him more than once a month, you know?

61 **EXT. HOLLY'S HOUSE - DAY**

61

From OUTSIDE OF THE HOUSE, we're peering into the KITCHEN, where several of the PARTY GUESTS are gabbing with drinks in their hands. Rose stands among them, looking very out of place, awkwardly nodding along and trying her best to smile.

62 **INT. LIVING ROOM - HOLLY'S HOUSE - LATER**

62

WHOOSH -- a MATCH strikes to life, and the tip is applied to the wick of a CANDLE shaped like a 7 atop a (blue) cake.

With the lights dimmed, all the guests begin to sing:

PARTY GUESTS
Happy birthday to you...
(continues over:)

All eyes are on Jackson standing excited above the cake. But our focus is on Rose, who lingers near the back, struggling to be in the moment, only half-singing every other word.

We PUSH IN closer and closer on Rose...

62A **TEN MINUTES LATER**

62A

The lights are back on and now everyone (children and parents) has gathered to watch Jackson OPEN PRESENTS.

Jackson tears the paper off a giant NERF RIFLE.

JACKSON
So cool! *Gracias* Harper! *Gracias*
Harper's mom!

Jackson turns to his pile of presents, thoughtfully choosing which to open next. He picks up the GIFT Rose brought.

HOLLY
That one's from your Aunt Rose!

Jackson flashes a big smile at Rose, who sits among the adults, watching. She gives him a smiling thumbs up.

He tears the carefully wrapped paper away. His little fingers remove the top from the box. The parents and other children sit in anticipation as he parts the tissue paper.

Jackson hesitates.

HOLLY
What'd you get, sweetheart?

Jackson reaches into the box and lifts something up covered in BLACK AND WHITE FUR, confused...

Rose's face drops as realization dawns:

It's her cat MUSTACHE, dead-stiff and sticky with blood.

Rose rises out of her chair.

ROSE
No... Nononono--!

She lunges at Jackson and rips her dead cat from his hands.

ROSE
Mustache! Oh my god! NO! This isn't
happening! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!

Rose hugs the dead cat against her chest. Jackson bursts into TEARS. Several of the other CHILDREN START CRYING.

The adults stare at Rose in stunned horror.

ROSE
I didn't do this...! I didn't! It
wasn't me! I-- I...

Rose HYPERVENTILATES. Her eyes are crazed with panic.

ROSE
YOU HAVE TO BELIEVE ME!! I--

As Rose looks around pleadingly at the other guests, her eyes land on STEPHANIE, smiling malevolently at her from the back of the crowd. No one else seems to notice.

ROSE
No no oh no no no-- WHAT THE FUCK ARE
YOU?! LEAVE ME ALONE!
(points)
Do you see her?! Look!

Rose desperately glances around the room as the other parents nervously pull their children back, shielding them.

Rose turns forward again --

"STEPHANIE" IS SUDDENLY RIGHT IN FRONT OF ROSE GRINNING--

ROSE
AHHH!

Rose stumbles backwards -- the back of her legs bump against a GLASS COFFEE TABLE --

SHE TRIPS AND FALLS THROUGH THE TABLE EXPLODING THE GLASS!

Rose sits up inside the wreckage, BLEEDING from several large cuts - she SCREAMS HER FUCKING HEAD OFF as the entire party descends into HYSTERICAL CHAOS!

63 **INT. HOSPITAL - ER ROOM - EVENING**

63

Rose sits on an exam table, staring into the void with eyes full of terrible, earth-shattering realization.

An ER NURSE wraps gauze around Rose's left forearm. Her right arm is also bandaged. Her dress is covered in blood.

ER NURSE

You can change the dressings at home,
but avoid getting the sutures wet.
Glass can be really nasty. You're
lucky this wasn't worse.

(she rises)

I'll be back with a tetanus shot.

The nurse leaves. Rose's eyes are glued to a PAIN CHART on the wall. On one end, a *No Pain*-face SMILES. On the opposite, a *Worst Pain Possible*-face CRIES, FROWNING MOUTH WAILING...

Holly sits nearby, glowering.

HOLLY

Rose... Rose.

Rose turns to Holly, face racked with terror.

ROSE

...Yeah?

HOLLY

Is there anything you need to *tell* me?

Rose struggles to contain her panic. She shakes her head no.

HOLLY

Rose... What's going on?

ROSE

...I don't know.

Holly swallows her mounting frustration.

HOLLY

Okay, well, did you do that to your cat?

ROSE

No! I swear! Holly. It *wasn't* me..!

HOLLY

Then *how* did it end up in the present you brought for my son?

ROSE

Holly, there's something happening to me.

HOLLY

Okay, so I'm *listening*! I'm right here. *Talk* to me.

Rose just shakes her head, panicking.

Holly's phone BUZZES with a text. She checks it.

HOLLY

Trevor just got here.

(rising to leave)

Rose, you are my sister, and I will always love you. But, *this is not* okay. You are not okay. You need to tell the doctor about *whatever* it is that's going on with you.

Holly leaves. Rose buries her face in her hands, sinking deeper into despair.

KNOCK-KNOCK. Rose looks up. Dr. Desai leans in the doorway.

DR. DESAI

Hi Rose.

ROSE

Oh... *fffuck*.

DR. DESAI

I heard you were brought into the ER and I just wanted to come down and check in on you. How are you feeling?

ROSE

(unconvincing)

I'm *fine*. It was... just an accident. *Really*. Thank you.

DR. DESAI

They said you had an *anxiety attack*?

Rose is distracted by what's occurring out in the CORRIDOR: Holly is speaking to Trevor. We can't hear what's being said, but Holly appears incensed. Trevor looks concerned.

DR. DESAI

Rose, can I be honest? I'm concerned about you. And I'm saying this as your friend: I really think you need to speak to someone. Are you seeing anyone professionally right now..?
Rose, are you listening to me?

But Rose isn't listening - she's watching Holly gesticulating wildly out in the corridor as Trevor glances toward Rose with panic on his face.

64 INT. TREVOR'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

64

Trevor drives. Rose sits in the passenger seat in her blood-covered dress, her arms wrapped in bandages. She looks terrified. The awkward silence is palpable.

Rose peers over at Trevor, nervous, desperately wishing she could explain herself.

Trevor stares straight ahead at the road, nervous, desperately wishing he wasn't in this car right now.

64A INT. TREVOR'S CAR - NIGHT

64A

Trevor pulls into their driveway and turns the engine off. He reaches for his door handle--

ROSE

Wait.

He hesitates. Looks over at Rose. She swallows.

ROSE

I need to tell you something, and I need you to listen and know that I'm not crazy. I'm not in shock. I'm completely lucid. This is me, okay?

TREVOR

...Okay?

ROSE

Something is happening to me. Or, being done to me.
(MORE)

ROSE (cont'd)

It's going to be very hard for you to believe, but I have to tell you, because it's *real*.

Trevor opens his door--

TREVOR

Look, maybe we should just go inside and--

Rose reaches across him and YANKS his door closed again--

ROSE

--Wait! Just *listen* to me!

Trevor stares at her, looking trapped and uneasy.

ROSE

Something is *threatening* me. Some kind of... evil spirit, or energy, or... I don't know *what* it is. But I think it killed my patient. She described experiencing the same thing before she died - the *exact* same thing. And now it's become *attached* to me somehow. And I'm scared. I'm scared that something bad is going to happen.

Trevor shakes his head in disbelief.

ROSE

Please Trevor. Please please please...

TREVOR

What you *want* me to say?

ROSE

I *want* you to *believe* me!

TREVOR

You're talking about fucking *ghosts*!

ROSE

No, it's not a ghost! It's something else, something much worse than a ghost--

TREVOR

Okay, I'm sorry, but I cannot deal with this shit right now--

Trevor opens his door and gets out of the car. Rose scrambles to open her door to follow him.

65 EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

65

Rose runs after Trevor, stepping in front of him and blocking his path, forcing him to stop.

ROSE

Trevor! Don't walk away from me! I need you to listen to what I'm saying!

TREVOR

I don't know how the fuck I'm supposed to *respond* to this, okay?! I mean Jesus, Rose! You sound *crazy*!

ROSE

I am *not* crazy!

TREVOR

But it's genetic, isn't it?

ROSE

...*What?*

TREVOR

Mental illness. You can inherit it from a parent. I looked it up.

ROSE

(aghast)

Why would you have looked that up?!

TREVOR

Because I needed to know what I was potentially hitching my *entire life* to, okay? Is that so fucking unfair?

Rose is speechless.

TREVOR

Look, I... I'm going inside.

Trevor moves around Rose, but she grabs his arm:

ROSE

Trevor, I'm in danger!

TREVOR

Did you kill Mustache?

ROSE

What, no! No. It wasn't me.

TREVOR

Then tell me what happened to him.

She relinquishes his arm.

ROSE

...It was this thing.

Trevor shakes his head. He moves past her and heads for the front door.

ROSE

Trevor..!

Rose stands there, alone and devastated.

66 **INT. ROSE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT**

66

Rose sits in front of her vanity, staring at her reflection. She looks positively miserable.

67 **EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT**

67

Wearing sweats, Rose opens the TRASHCAN. She stares at the ruined dress laying beside her ruined cashmere sweater, atop a pile of garbage. She drops the bloody sundress on top.

68 **INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

68

Rose timidly peeks into the living room. Trevor is lying on the couch with a blanket and a pillow. Choosing to be alone.

69 **INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

69

The room is dim, lit only by a bedside LAMP. Rose lies in bed, chewing a finger nail and looking at her laptop.

ON SCREEN: Rose is re-reading the POLICE REPORT of Laura Weaver's WITNESS STATEMENT. She hovers the mouse cursor over the victim's name: *Gabriel Muñoz*.

Rose open a new internet tab, and searches: *professor Gabriel Muñoz suicide*.

Clicks on an article: *St. Agatha Professor Dead of Suicide*.

We catch glimpses: *tenured Art History professor; beloved by students; nervous breakdown; used a claw hammer*.

Rose lingers over a FACULTY PHOTO of GABRIEL MUÑOZ (50s). He's perfectly normal looking, if not handsome for a prof.

CREAAAK. Rose looks up from her laptop. *What was that?* Her eyes shift toward--

THE WALK-IN CLOSET

The open doorway is like a black hole in the wall.

Rose picks up her PHONE from the night stand. Turns on the FLASHLIGHT. Trembling, she points it toward the closet...

The light reveals nothing but clothes in the shadows inside.

Rose swallows. Turns off the light and puts the phone down.

She picks up her laptop again and enters a new search: *Gabriel Muñoz St. Agatha College*. She clicks on a Faculty Bio page and scrolls through the information...

WHISPERED VOICE (O.S.)

Rooooose.

Rose snaps her head toward the dark closet again, really spooked. Her breathing accelerates.

She gets out of bed and slowly approaches the closet... Flips on the LIGHT inside:

There's nothing there. It's just clothes.

Rose looks like she's on the edge of a panic attack. She turns the light back off and crawls back into bed.

She closes her laptop. Turns off the bedside lamp, then lies back on her pillow, face beset with unease.

We stare downwards at Rose lying in the dark, gazing up at the ceiling with wide, paranoid eyes. She rolls onto her side, facing away from the closet.

ANGLE CLOSE ON: Rose's terrified FACE. In the soft focus of the b.g., we can just barely see a SILHOUETTE standing in the doorway of the closet, moonlight glinting off a SMILE.

We hold on Rose lying there, her eyes huge with angst... Then we jarringly HARD CUT TO:

70 **EXT. STREET - MORNING**

70

--HOOOONK! A CAR BRAKES HARD - nearly running over Rose, who was crossing the street without looking. Startled, Rose raises her hand in apology. She hurries across the street.

71 **EXT. HOUSE IN THE CITY - MORNING**

71

Rose approaches a Victorian house. She checks an address on her phone, then climbs the stoop to the front door. She RINGS the doorbell. After a moment, she RINGS it again...

The door OPENS a crack, revealing a WOMAN'S bloodshot eyes.

ROSE
Hi. Victoria Muñoz?

VICTORIA
What do you want?

ROSE
I'm so sorry to bother you, but I was hoping I could ask you some questions about your husband Gabriel?

VICTORIA
Haven't you reporters written enough awful things about him? Leave me alone.

BANG! The door slams in Rose's face.

ROSE
All the stories about him got it wrong! He was a *victim*. Mrs. Muñoz, please, I just want to talk.

The door cracks open again. The eyes inside study Rose.

72 **INT. MUÑOZ HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

72

The shades are drawn, as if to keep the outside world out.

Rose sits across from VICTORIA MUÑOZ (50s), who numbly nurses a mug of tea, looking emotionally debilitated.

VICTORIA
At first, I noticed small changes in him. Then it all happened so fast. He was on edge. Paranoid. He'd wake up in the middle of the night, screaming.

(MORE)

VICTORIA (cont'd)

I'd never heard him scream before... Then he stopped sleeping all together. I'd catch him having these conversations with himself. He was *seeing* things. *Doing* strange things he didn't seem to remember. He was suspicious of everyone, even me. We'd been married for twenty-five years and suddenly I didn't even *recognize* him. He scared me... I tried to get him to go to the doctor, but he wouldn't...

(heavy pause)

Then one morning he was gone. Wouldn't answer his phone. That night, the police called and said he was dead.

Victoria stares down into her mug, utterly distraught.

VICTORIA

They asked me to identify his body...

73 **INT. MORGUE - QUICK FLASH**

73

A WHITE SHEET IS PULLED BACK to reveal the DISFIGURED FACE OF GABRIEL MUÑOZ: flesh swollen purple-black over fractured bones, mouth hanging open, jaw shattered and gruesomely distended to one side as if in a nightmarish SCREAM--

72A **BACK TO SCENE**

72A

VICTORIA

His *face*... Twenty-five years of marriage, but *that's* what I'm left with to remember him.

Rose swallows, the wheels in her head turning.

ROSE

Did Gabriel describe *what* he'd been seeing?

Victoria wipes away fresh tears and rises.

VICTORIA

I'll show you.

74 **INT. GABRIEL'S STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER**

74

Victoria leads Rose into a small HOME OFFICE. Books and papers are strewn everywhere.

Rose's eyes go wide at a WALL manically plastered with IMAGES, TEXTS, and ARTICLES - like a web of conspiracy.

VICTORIA

He used to obsess over keeping his studio organized. I should take that down, but I can't stand being in here.

There are printouts of artistic renderings of DEMONS and EVIL SPIRITS in myriad media. A few catch our eye:

- A terrified man connected by marionette strings to a GRINNING DEVIL puppeteer.
- A cartoonish ILLUSTRATION of an ANGUISHED MAN. Revealed in X-RAY: a tiny, cruel-looking IMP resides inside his head.
- A Baroque PAINTING (like a lost Fuseli) of a woman in dark room cowering from a SMILING GUEST lurking in the corner.

VICTORIA (O.S.)

This is what Gabriel said he saw.

Rose turns. Victoria gestures to an oak DRAFTING TABLE.

The table is covered with inspired CHARCOAL DRAWINGS of different people. All of them are smiling in a chillingly familiar way. Some have frighteningly exaggerated mouths.

Rose's breath hitches at the sight of the drawings.

ROSE

Gabriel *drew* these?

Victoria nods. She points to a particularly wicked drawing.

VICTORIA

That one is Gabriel's brother. He died in an accident twenty years ago.

ROSE

How long had this been going on?

VICTORIA

Ever since he got back from that damn conference he went to every year. It was all because of that awful woman he saw kill herself. But nobody would report on *that*.

Rose's heart catches in her throat.

ROSE
Gabriel saw someone commit *suicide*?

VICTORIA
Of course - I assumed you *knew* this?

ROSE
What was the woman's name?

VICTORIA
I don't remember. I'd have to find it.

ROSE
Did Gabriel say *why* this was happening?
(re: wall of stuff)
Did he find some *answer* in all this?

VICTORIA
...What kind of reporter are you?

ROSE
Mrs. Muñoz, listen to me. Gabriel
wasn't insane - what he was seeing is
real! I've seen it too!

Victoria stares unblinkingly at Rose.

VICTORIA
What are you, a fucking nutcase? Some
kind of morbid fanatic? How fucking
dare you?!

ROSE
What-? No! Mrs. Muñoz, what happened
to your husband is happening to me!

VICTORIA
I want you out of my house! Now!

ROSE
Wait, please! I need to know who the
woman Gabriel saw die was--

VICTORIA
GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY HOUSE!!

75 **EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

75

Rose hurries down the street, furiously tapping away at her
smartphone, looking something up.

ROSE (PRE-LAP)
I don't know the jurisdiction. That's
what I'm trying to figure out...

76 INT. ROSE'S CAR - DAY

76

Parked on the side of the road, Rose is on the phone:

ROSE
Well who *can* give me that
information?

76A TIME JUMP

76A

Rose searches the internet on her phone for: *academic
conference art history professor gabriel muñoz*.

ROSE (PRE-LAP)
It would have been sometime in the
past two weeks or so...

76B TIME JUMP

76B

Rose is on the phone again:

ROSE
No, I'm not a family member, but I...
(pause)
Okay, what if I *was* a family member?

76C TIME JUMP

76C

Another call:

ROSE
No, I don't have the name, that's why
I'm calling...
(frustrated pause)
No, I was *already* on hold-- hello..!?

76D TIME JUMP

76D

Rose stares into the void, absently chewing a fingernail.
She sits up suddenly, a thought forming.

77 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

77

We're in a hall facing the DOOR to an apartment. The door
OPENS, revealing JOEL, dressed casually.

Rose is standing in the hall.

JOEL

Hey...? What's uh..? What's going on?

Not waiting for an invitation, Rose moves past him, letting herself into his apartment.

JOEL

Wait - yeah, okay, come on in, awesome.

78 **INT. JOEL'S APARTMENT - DAY**

78

A modest but very cool LOFT APARTMENT. Exposed brick walls and duct work, and big windows with views of the city.

Rose walks into the living room, seemingly already familiar with the space.

Joel follows behind her, totally confused.

Rose sits down on the couch, exhaling into her hands. She looks at the couch - which is leather and quite nice.

ROSE

You finally got rid of that awful yellow couch?

JOEL

I got promoted about a year ago. Been trying to upgrade the place a bit.

ROSE

Congratulations.

An awkwardness hangs in the air.

JOEL

Uh-huh. So what's up? I assume you're not here to catch up, considering the cold shoulder the other day. Not to mention the three years before that.

ROSE

I need a favor. And I need you to not ask any questions about it.

JOEL

Oh *terrific*. Let's hear that.

ROSE
Nine days ago, a man named Gabriel Muñoz committed suicide. I need to know if he had been involved in any *other* recent police reports. Can you find that out?

Joel stares at Rose, thrown by the odd request.

JOEL
Wow. You know this *is* my one day off--

ROSE
--Please, Joel.

Joel notices how desperate she looks. He sighs and retrieves a laptop emblazoned with a NEWARK POLICE sticker.

He sits on the far side of the couch, opening the laptop.

JOEL
What's the name again?

ROSE
Gabriel Muñoz.

Joel taps away at his keyboard.

JOEL
I see the report on his death...
Okay, yeah, there is another incident report here, from a week earlier.
It's from a precinct upstate.

ROSE
What was it for?

JOEL
(skimming)
...He gave a witness statement. He was staying at a hotel where a woman committed suicide.

ROSE
Does it say her name? The woman?

JOEL
Angela Powell. Some real estate agent.
(grimaces)
Jesus...

ROSE
What?

JOEL
There's a photo from the scene...

ROSE
Let me see.

JOEL
Trust me, you don't want to see this.
And besides, this *is* kinda evidence,
you know? We're not really allowed to--

Rose grabs the laptop from his hands, so she can see.

JOEL
Oh sure, that's great. Help yourself.

ON SCREEN: a photo of ANGELA POWELL (40s), slumped against the wall of the hotel elevator. There are gaping HOLES WHERE HER EYES SHOULD BE. Her thumbs are covered in BLOOD.

ROSE
Holy shit...

JOEL
Tried to tell you it was gross.

Rose stands up, full of fresh, nervous energy. She paces.

ROSE
Okay. Okay... Can you do the same
search again, but this time for *her*?

JOEL
Can you tell me what this is about?

ROSE
You said you wouldn't ask questions.

JOEL
No, *you* said I wouldn't ask questions.
You know they *log* these searches right?
And by the way, this is a really weird
thing to show up out of the blue and
ask me for.

ROSE
Just - *please*, Joel? Please! I need
you to do this for me.

Joel shakes his head with a sigh. He picks up the laptop to begin a new search...

JOEL

...Huh. There was a previous report
filed... four days before her death.

(eyes narrowing)

That's a weird coincidence. She was
also interviewed about a suicide?

Rose sits down on the couch right next to Joel to look at the laptop screen. He subtly glances over at her, keenly aware by how intimately close she's sitting.

ROSE

What's that? Is that a video file?

JOEL

It's security camera footage...

Rose just stares at Joel. Joel sighs and shakes his head. He plays the file:

79 ON SCREEN: Nighttime CCTV FOOTAGE angles at the BACK SIDE OF 79
A GAS STATION CONVENIENCE STORE. A PANICKED MAN enters frame,
tripping over himself, as if trying to get away from
something. He backs against a wall, looking like cornered
prey. But we don't see anything else on screen. The man falls
to his knees. His mouth opens wide and his whole body goes
rigid for a few moments -- then he goes completely limp.

JOEL

What the fuck is this..?

After a moment, the man stands back up, eerily calm. He casually walks out of frame.

The footage cuts to ANOTHER ANGLE of GAS STATION PUMPS. We see Angela Powell filling her car's tank. The MAN enters frame. He stands for a moment, as if surveying Angela. Then, he walks to an unattended PICKUP TRUCK loaded with LANDSCAPING TOOLS. He reaches into the bed and picks up an enormous pair of HEDGING SHEARS. He walks toward Angela. Angela finally looks up to see the man standing in front of her holding the shears. She doesn't react, just watches as he raises the shears and plunges them into his own chest--

78A Joel abruptly pauses the footage.

78A

JOEL

You know, my day was going just fine...

Rose's eyes remain glued to the horror paused on screen.

ROSE

Can you rewind it?

He sighs, presses rewind. The man reverses away from Angela.

ROSE
Stop there.

He does. Rose leans close to the screen, staring hard. It's difficult to tell between the distance and the grainy video, but it appears that the man is smiling.

JOEL
Is he... smiling?

Rose doesn't respond.

JOEL
Rose, who are these people?

ROSE
...I don't know.

JOEL
What do you mean you *don't know*?

Rose swallows, blinking loose a tear. She wipes her eyes.

ROSE
I have to go.

JOEL
Go where? I'm so confused right now.

ROSE
Will you do me one more favor? Do you have a printer..?

Joel just stares at Rose, positively mystified by the intense look of fear on her face.

80 **EXT. WOODSY SUBURBAN ROADS - DAY** 80

Rose's car snakes along tree-lined roads beneath a grey sky.

81 **INT. ROSE'S CAR - AFTERNOON** 81

Rose pulls into her driveway and parks. She holds a FOLDER containing the REPORTS Joel printed for her. Takes a breath.

82 **INT. FRONT ENTRY - MOMENTS LATER** 82

Rose enters, folder in hand.

ROSE

Trevor..?

TREVOR (O.S.)

Hey. In the living room...

83 INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

83

Rose enters the living room and stops short. Trevor is on the couch. MADELINE is sitting in the chair opposite him.

MADELINE

Hi Rose.

Rose stares at Madeline in disbelief. Her eyes move to Trevor, who meekly avoids her eye contact.

ROSE

What is this? What's she doing here?

MADELINE

Trevor was hoping I might--

ROSE

--I was talking to my fiancé!

TREVOR

I called her.

Rose glares at Trevor, utterly betrayed.

ROSE

...Why?

TREVOR

You've been acting completely unhinged, and I didn't know what else to do!

ROSE

Are you *kidding* me? I came to you - the person I'm supposed to trust most in the world - and confided that I was scared to death, that I *needed* you, and you refused to even *listen* to what I was saying--

TREVOR

Why you think I called *her*? All I'm trying to do here is *help* you!

ROSE

No, all you're *trying* to do is make it so you don't have to deal with it! Because that's all you ever do! You're fine as long as everything is easy and agreeable. But god forbid *anything* ever becomes real or even a tiny bit difficult, and all you can think of is how it's going to mess up *your* perfect little life plan!

TREVOR

Are you serious right now? If that's what you think of me then why are we even together?

ROSE

Maybe I don't know!

MADELINE

Why don't we all just take a breath?

ROSE

Why don't *you* just fucking make yourself at home!

Rose turns and storms out of the room.

TREVOR

Rose...! Are you seriously leaving right now...?!

We hear the front DOOR SLAM.

84 **INT. ROSE'S CAR (MOVING) - AFTERNOON**

84

Rose drives with hot tears in her eyes. She comes to a stop at a red light. She grips the wheel and THRASHES about--

ROSE

FUCK!!!

Through the driver window, we see another CAR waiting beside hers. Both OCCUPANTS are gawking at Rose like she's nuts.

85 **EXT. HOLLY'S HOUSE - DAY**

85

Rose rings the DOORBELL, then immediately rings it again. She frantically KNOCKS. After a moment Greg opens the door.

GREG

Rose? What uh, what're you doing here?

ROSE

I need to talk to Holly.

GREG

Well, actually, I'm not sure
right now is such a--

ROSE

Greg - let me talk to my
fucking sister!

HOLLY (O.S.)

Rose..?

Greg sighs and steps aside as Holly appears in the doorway.

HOLLY

What's going on?
...Yeah, of course.

ROSE

Can we talk? Please? *Please.*

GREG

Hold on Holly, are we *sure* that's--

HOLLY

Greg, just go the fuck back inside!

Greg throws his hands up and walks back inside. Holly steps
OUTSIDE onto the stoop with Rose, pulling the door closed.

HOLLY

How are you feeling?

ROSE

I need you to listen... When you
asked me yesterday what was
happening, and I told you I couldn't
explain it? It's because the truth
was just too out there, too
impossible, too *crazy*. But my eyes
are *open* now. I've been *cursed*, or--
or somehow wrapped up *into* a curse--

HOLLY

--*What?*

ROSE

It was *given* to me by this patient I
had. She was cursed, and when she died
it *passed* to me. And now there's this
thing coming for me, this entity--

HOLLY

Entity??

ROSE

It killed Mustache! Not me! It was at the party, you just couldn't see it! No one else can see it but me!

HOLLY

Oh my god.

ROSE

I know - Holly, I couldn't believe it at first either. But look--

Rose opens the folder and pulls out the gruesome crime scene PHOTO of Angela Powell, shoving it in Holly's face--

HOLLY

What is this? Why do you have this?!

ROSE

*This has already happened to other people! The same thing happened to them and they *all died*, and I'm really freaked out I'm gonna be next!*

Holly shakes her head.

HOLLY

...Oh my god... Rose... Listen, you know I love you and only want what's best for you, right?

ROSE

What?

HOLLY

You're not well. You need help.

ROSE

*No, Holly, you're not *hearing* what I'm saying!*

HOLLY

I am though, Rose!

ROSE

If you would just listen to me, I can prove that this is real!

HOLLY

*Curses aren't real! You've *convinced* yourself because you're having some sort of breakdown.*

(MORE)

HOLLY (cont'd)

I know you can't see what's happening to you, but this is the exact same thing that happened to *Mom*! You sound just like she did when she got sick!

That hangs in the air. Rose is visibly appalled.

ROSE

Oh, and how would *you* even know?!

HOLLY

Excuse me?

ROSE

You were never *around* when Mom got bad! You ran off with your friends every chance you got, *abandoning* me with her. Where were *you* when she died?

Holly's head nearly explodes.

HOLLY

Oh my god! You have *no clue* what you're talking about! Because I was older she took the worst of her insanity out on *me* - you just don't *remember*! I still have nightmares! I left the house because that's the only way I could *survive*.

(genuine)

And *I'm sorry* that I left you alone, and that you had to find her. I know that *messed you up*, and I know it isn't fair. I wish it was different.

(then)

But I have *tried* to move on with my life, Rose. To leave the nightmare that was our childhood behind me. That's why I keep trying to sell the house. But you? You've never been able to accept that Mom went crazy and killed herself. You've let it define your *whole life* - and it's like you *punish* me because I don't!

ROSE

Oh! Well, I'm so sorry that I actually try to help people instead of being some stay at home, PTA *housewife*, that just exists in her own little smug, self-centered bubble!

Holly's jaw drops. Rose winces.

ROSE
I'm sorry. I don't know why I said that.

HOLLY
You are obviously going through something right now, but I refuse to be treated like this when all I'm trying to do is help you.

ROSE
Please, Holly can we just go inside and I'll explain everything--

HOLLY
Jackson is completely *traumatized*! I'm sorry, but I can't have you around my family while you're like this.

Holly opens the door and steps inside.

ROSE
Wait-- Holly, please! What if this thing *kills* me?!

The door shuts in Rose's face.

Rose stands there, all alone. Tears start down her face--

86 **INT. ROSE'S CAR - HOLLY'S STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

86

Rose gets into her parked car and closes the door. She just sits there in silence, struggling not to lose it completely.

KNOCK-KNOCK - Rose looks up. Holly is standing right outside Rose's window. We can only see her torso (and not her head).

ROSE
Holly?

Holly's face suddenly *LEANS DOWN* into view - but it's upside down with the neck at the totally wrong angle, and she's smiling gleefully--

87 **INT. HOLLY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME**

87

From right inside a *WINDOW*, we can see Rose out in her car across the street as she screams her head off.

REVEAL: Jackson is spying on Rose through the window. The way she's freaking out appears to frighten him.

88 EXT. DINER PARKING LOT - NIGHT

88

Rose's car is parked in the mostly-empty lot of a DINER, bathed in NEON light. We see her inside the car, SOBBING.

After a few moments, we CUT HARD TO:

89 INT. ROSE'S CAR - SHORTLY AFTER

89

Rose EATS DINER FOOD in her car in silence. Her eyes red. All we hear is CHEWING and wrappers CRINKLING as she wolfs down a burger, taking oversized bites like she's famished.

We hold on her eating for a moment longer than we'd expect.

Her cellphone BUZZES with an incoming call: JOEL CALLING. Rose swallows what's in her mouth, and answers.

ROSE

Hello..?

JOEL (PHONE)

*Why didn't you tell me about your
patient's connection to the others?*

Rose squeezes her eyes shut, beyond exhausted.

JOEL (PHONE)

After you left, I kept digging. These cases - the same pattern, it goes back further. So far, I've found twenty cases involving nineteen suicide victims with a direct line linking them all together. And the things all these people are doing to themselves - I mean, holy shit. I need you to explain what I'm looking at here.

Rose's eyes narrow.

ROSE

*Wait, you said twenty cases but only
nineteen suicides?*

JOEL (PHONE)

One of the cases mixes up the pattern. Some accountant, Robert Talley. His business partner commits suicide right in front of him, then four days later, Talley murders a woman he's never met before completely out of the blue. But get this: a week later?

(MORE)

*

JOEL (PHONE) (cont'd)
*The key eyewitness to the murder also
commits suicide. Pattern resumes.*

Rose sits upright.

ROSE
He's still *alive*?

JOEL (PHONE)
He's sitting in holding in Altoona.

ROSE
Joel, I *have* to talk to him.

JOEL (PHONE)
*I was just about to drive out
there... Where are you right now?*

Rose glances up at the NEON DINER SIGN.

90 **EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

90

JOEL'S CAR drives away from the outskirts of the city, into the night.

91 **INT. JOEL'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT**

91

Joel drives. He's shaking his head in stunned disbelief. Rose is riding shotgun, staring at Joel expectantly.

ROSE
...I need you to say *something*.

JOEL
Give me a minute, okay?.. I mean,
Jesus, I thought you were going to say
it was some sort of crazy suicide *cult*,
or *blackmail* scheme. *This* is...
(shakes his head)
Look: I'm *trying* to keep an open mind
here, but what you're asking me to
believe..? It's kind of a *lot*.

ROSE
You know me. Would you say I'm
someone who scares easily?

JOEL
No.

ROSE

Would you consider me *pragmatic*?

JOEL

Very. Which is probably why we broke up.

ROSE

I've *seen* it, Joel. It's real. And I'm asking you to believe in *me*.

Joel glances at Rose. Sees the genuine fear on her face.

JOEL

Alright. Let's put aside the possibility that some sort of evil, extraordinary force could even exist... You're saying it's somehow *causing* all these people to kill themselves?

ROSE

Maybe it's not *suicide*.

JOEL

What are you talking about?

ROSE

My patient was terrified, but she wasn't suicidal. Then right at the end, everything about her *changed*. It was like the person I'd been talking to was gone, and something *else* had *taken over*.

JOEL

(connecting the dots)
And the victim who stabbed himself in the security camera footage..?

ROSE

Exactly the same.

Joel shakes his head again, way out of his depth.

JOEL

What the fuck.

ROSE

In the cases you found, how long was it between each victim's death?

JOEL

Each case was different, but... none of them survived longer than a week. Some didn't even make it past four *days*.

ROSE

...Today was *my* fourth day.

Joel looks over at Rose. Sees the crazed panic in her eyes.

JOEL

Whatever happened to those other people, it's not going to happen to you. I promise.

Rose reaches over and squeezes his hand. Joel looks down at her hand on his. The ENGAGEMENT RING on her finger. A hint of regret in his eyes.

92 **EXT. COUNTY CORRECTIONAL CENTER - DAWN**

92

The sun is just rising as Joel's car turns off the road, passing a SIGN that reads: *Sheriff's Detention Facility*. An ugly building looms beyond a nearly empty parking lot.

93 **INT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - ISOLATION UNIT - MORNING**

93

It's early morning, but the isolation unit is already alive with the sounds of INMATES yelling and banging on doors.

A DEPUTY SHERIFF leads Joel and Rose along.

JOEL

I owe you one for this, Doug.

DEPUTY SHERIFF

You're just lucky he's fired every lawyer he's been assigned. Though, I'm not sure what kind of case you think Talley's going to be able to help you with. You do know what this guy *did*, right?

JOEL

Dr. Cotter is building a psychological profile on a similar case for us.

They arrive at a DOOR with an ARMED GUARD waiting outside.

DEPUTY SHERIFF

Well, Talley's a whole box of fruit loops, so, you know, *good luck*. You got ten minutes with him, best I can do without a court order.

The deputy nods to the guard. The guard inserts a key and unlocks the door, opening it.

94 **INT. VISITATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

94

Rose and Joel enter. The door closes and LOCKS behind them.

A wiry MAN is seated on the far side of a TABLE, slumped forward, head resting atop his CUFFED hands - as if napping.

JOEL

...Morning!

The man slowly lifts his head. He has hollow eyes and the pallid complexion of a corpse. This is ROBERT TALLEY (40s).

*

Joel nods encouragement to Rose. She gathers herself, then sits down at the table. Joel remains standing, observing.

ROSE

Mr. Talley, my name is Dr. Cotter. I was hoping you might be willing to answer a few questions about--

TALLEY

I'm *done* answering questions.

JOEL

Come on, man. You don't even know what she was going to ask.

Talley looks over at Joel with eyes full of torment.

TALLEY

I *confessed*. I don't want to talk about it anymore.

ROSE

I don't care about what you've been *accused* of. What I need to know about is what you experienced in the days leading up to it.

Talley's eyes narrow on Rose.

ROSE

You were seeing something. Something
no one else could see?

TALLEY

What did you *read* that somewhere?

ROSE

I have a patient. A young woman. Four
days ago, a man killed himself right
in front of her...

Talley's demeanor shifts slightly, anxiety creeping in.

ROSE

Ever since then, she's started seeing
something. Something that pretends to
be other people.

Talley shakes his head, desperate not to hear this.

ROSE

The man she watched kill himself? He
claimed he was seeing the exact same
thing my patient described. It turns out
that a week before *he* died, he *also*
witnessed someone kill themselves. And so
did that person, and the person before
them. And so on and so on, chaining all
the way back to *you*.

TALLEY

(scared now)

What do you *want* from me?

ROSE

What *is* it?!

TALLEY

I don't know!

Talley just shakes his head, growing upset.

TALLEY

If your patient has it, you need to
stay far away from her.

ROSE

Why is everyone else that's seen it
dead, but *you're* still alive?

Talley clams up, squeezing his eyes shut.

ROSE

Mr. Talley, *please!* You can help her.

Talley swallows. He looks at Rose. Then he looks at Joel.

TALLEY

Make the cop leave.

JOEL

Yeah, that's not gonna happen.

TALLEY

Make him leave and I'll tell you.

Rose turns to Joel, her eyes pleading.

ROSE

Joel, please, there's no time...

Joel shakes his head, incredulous. He KNOCKS on the door.

JOEL

I'll be *right* outside.

The door opens and Joel exits. It closes and LOCKS again.

TALLEY

You've got to *understand* - I was scared to death. This thing - it gets into your *head*, feeds on your fear. The things it made me *see*...

(then)

Your patient is going to die, unless she's willing to make a *choice*.

ROSE

What? What choice?

TALLEY

She can choose to get rid of it, the same way I did. But she's going to have to *kill* someone.

Rose goes pale.

TALLEY

It can be anyone, she just has to make sure there's a witness for it to pass to. This thing needs *trauma* to spread, so she has to make it count. Tell her to use some kind of weapon, make the biggest mess she can.

ROSE

How could you possibly know that!?

TALLEY

I tried to research anything I could about this thing. But all I could find was that there's been other chains in the past. I found one that was in Brazil a few years ago - a man there escaped *that* chain by killing his neighbor and passing it to his neighbor's wife.

(then)

I know it's *awful*. But what will happen to her if she *doesn't* get rid of it... *Anything* is better than *that*...

Rose shakes her head with growing angst and frustration.

ROSE

Wait - if this has happened before in other places, then there must be some way to end one of these chains, right?

TALLEY

All I know is that your patient has to kill someone soon, or else she's going to die a really horrible, horrible death.

ROSE

(erupting)

I can't *kill* someone!

Talley's eyes widen.

TALLEY

...You? You have it?!

He suddenly seems to grow intensely fearful of Rose.

TALLEY

No no no nonono! Why the fuck did you come here?! You're not giving it back to me! Get out of here!!

Talley SLAMS his cuffs against the table, STARTLING Rose up out of her chair--

TALLEY

HELP! SOMEBODY HELP ME!! AHHHHH! GET HER AWAY FROM ME!!

The door unlocks and opens, as the guard rushes inside--

TALLEY
GET HER AWAY FROM ME!!

95 **EXT. COUNTY CORRECTIONAL CENTER - MORNING**

95

Rose rushes out from the main entrance, like she can't get away from this place fast enough. Joel emerges behind her, jogging to catch up.

JOEL
Hey. Hey, slow down. What happened back there?

Rose pauses, trying to steady herself. She looks distressed.

JOEL
What? What did he say?

Rose chews the inside of her mouth, hesitating... She shakes her head.

ROSE
...Nothing.

JOEL
(incredulous)
Nothing?

ROSE
He's out of his mind.

96 **INT. JOEL'S CAR (MOVING) - MORNING**

96

Joel drives. His eyes are full of worry. He looks over at Rose sitting in the passenger seat.

She's staring out the window, silently freaking out.

97 **EXT. DINER PARKING LOT - DAY**

97

Joel's car pulls into the lot and parks.

98 **INT. JOEL'S CAR - SAME**

98

Joel stares at Rose. She hasn't moved at all.

JOEL
What do you want to do?

Rose looks at him, full of dread.

ROSE
...I don't know.

JOEL
Do you want to go somewhere? I can stay with you.

ROSE
No-! I...
(choosing her words)
I just need to be *alone* for a while.

Joel searches her face, as if trying to determine if there's more... But he lets it go.

JOEL
Alright, well, I should stop into work for a few hours, but I'll check on you as soon as I can. Just lay low. If anything happens, if you need anything - *anything* - just call me, okay?

Rose suddenly leans across the center console and hugs Joel. Joel is surprised, but he hugs her back.

JOEL
Hey, it's gonna be okay.

Rose lets him go and nods, far from convinced. Without another word, she gets out of the car.

Joel watches her walk to her own car, worried.

99 **INT. ROSE'S HOUSE - FRONT ENTRY - DAY**

99

The house is silent and gloomy. Rose enters. She leans against the door, utterly depleted.

BUZZ-BUZZ. Rose's cellphone rings. She looks at the screen: *MADELINE NORTHCOTT CALLING.* She presses ignore.

100 **INT. KITCHEN - LATER**

100

Rose paces back and forth. She stops and looks down at the table, where several police reports are spread out, including the graphic CRIME SCENE PHOTOS of horrible deaths.

Her phone BUZZES with a text.

TREVOR: We need to talk... Are you at home?

Rose chews on a finger nail, boiling with anxiety. She winces and yanks her finger out of her mouth. It's BLEEDING.

She rinses her finger in the sink. Wraps it in a dish towel.

Her eyes find the KNIFE BLOCK on the counter... She reaches out and slowly draws a small PARING KNIFE. Stares at it. She puts it back and draws the much larger CHEF'S KNIFE...

DING-DONG. Rose looks up as the doorbell chimes.

101 **INT. FRONT ENTRY - MOMENTS LATER**

101

Rose opens the door to reveal Madeline on her front step.

ROSE

You *cannot* be serious..?

MADELINE

I wanted to apologize if you felt ambushed yesterday. That was the wrong approach. I'm sorry.

ROSE

You *really* need to just go away.

Rose moves to shut the door -- but Madeline wedges a foot in, preventing her from closing it.

MADELINE

Rose. Please. It's best if we talk.

ROSE

I highly fucking doubt it.

MADELINE

We *both* know I have a responsibility to notify the authorities if I believe someone may be a danger to herself or others. Your behavior has been worrisome to say the *least*. I want to give you the benefit of the doubt, but I need you to help *convince* me that you're *not* a danger.

Rose hesitates. Then opens the door wide.

102 INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

102

Rose leads Madeline into the living room.

Rose collapses onto the couch with a huff. Madeline sits gently in the arm chair opposite her.

MADELINE

Trevor had mentioned there's been talk of *ghosts*?

Rose scoffs.

ROSE

I *never* used the word *ghost*.

MADELINE

Evil beings then. The paranormal?

Rose shakes her head.

ROSE

I admitted I was seeing things. The same as I told you. But it was just stress, and lack of sleep. I confided a fleeting moment of uncertainty - that's *all* it was. Are we done here?

Madeline studies Rose.

MADELINE

How are you feeling today?

ROSE

Let's see. I'm pretty sure my fiancé thinks I'm crazy. My only sister has also completely shut me out, and now my former therapist is making unscheduled house calls, trying to evaluate whether or not I'm a danger. Otherwise, I'm *fantastic*.

The HOUSE PHONE RINGS sharply. Rose and Madeline both glance over at it on the end table. It continues to ring.

MADELINE

...Should you get that?

Rose reaches over and grabs the phone, answering angrily:

ROSE

What!?

MADELINE (PHONE)
*Rose? It's Madeline. I've been trying
 your mobile all morning...*

Every muscle in Rose's body freezes.

MADELINE (PHONE)
*...I'm very concerned about how we
 left things yesterday.*

Rose's eyes slowly shift back to the Madeline sitting across from her. Madeline raises her eyebrows, as if she's curious about Rose's sudden change in demeanor.

MADELINE (PHONE)
...Rose? Hello? Are you there?

Rose slowly lowers the phone from her ear. She stares wide-eyed at Madeline, heart pounding.

Madeline's mouth slowly curls up into a familiar smile.

Rose's breathing turns heavy with panic.

ROSE
 No... No no no..!

Rose crawls backwards, awkwardly scrambling over the back of the couch, putting it between her and "Madeline."

ROSE
 What the fuck are you?!

"Madeline" stands up and steps toward Rose.

"MADELINE"
 Almost time, Rose.

It continues advancing straight toward Rose, effortlessly stepping up onto and then over the back side of the couch.

ROSE
 Stop it! Get away from me!

Rose backs away, stumbling backwards down the STAIRS -- eyes glued to "Madeline" -- but the Madeline-thing quickly closes the gap, descending the stairs toward her.

Rose dead-ends into the stairwell wall, trapped, as "Madeline" comes so close their noses are touching.

ROSE
 Don't please please please ple--

"Madeline" clamps a hand over Rose's mouth.

"MADELINE"
Tonight, Rose! Toniiiiiiiiigh--

VISCOUS SALIVA DROOLS out of "Madeline's" grinning mouth as Rose's SCREAMS are MUFFLED beneath its hand.

103 **EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY - LATER** 103

The parking lot of the hospital where Rose works. We observe the comings and goings of patients and their companions:

103A A WEARY FATHER pushes an AILING CHILD in a wheelchair. 103A

103B An ELDERLY COUPLE walk arm-in-arm, both holding brave faces 103B

103C New PARENTS look joyful and apprehensive carrying an INFANT 103C

103D A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN walking alone bursts into tears. 103D

104 **INT. ROSE'S CAR - SAME** 104

REVEAL: Rose is parked in the hospital lot, watching the people coming and going. She looks scared to death.

Her eyes shift to the passenger seat, where the KNIFE from her kitchen is resting on the upholstery.

She stares at it like it's a snake that might bite... Then picks it up and carefully slides it up into her sleeve.

Rose opens her door and gets out of the car. We watch through the windshield as she walks toward the hospital...

105 **INT. HOSPITAL - DAY** 105

Rose navigates the halls, trying to maintain a low profile. She uses her EMPLOYEE BADGE to pass through a locked door.

She casually hides her face as she passes a SECURITY GUARD.

106 **INT. PSYCH UNIT - DAY** 106

Another busy day in the psych unit. Rose moves quickly, keeping her eyes down.

WANDA

Hey, Dr. Cotter...? Aren't you
supposed to be on leave?

*

Rose strains a smile the nurse's way.

ROSE

Just grabbing something from my office.

She keeps moving.

107 INT. CORRIDOR - PSYCH ER - MOMENTS LATER

107

Rose ducks into another corridor, glancing behind her.

She stops in front of an OPEN DOOR to a PATIENT ROOM.

108 INT. PATIENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

108

CARL is sitting on his bed, wringing his hands together
nervously. His lips are moving in some silent mantra.

He looks up as Rose steps into the room. At the sight of her,
Carl immediately stands up and moves back in fear.

ROSE

It's okay, Carl.

Rose steps toward him. Carl backs into the wall, WHIMPERING.

CARL

Nonononono...

ROSE

Shhh - just calm down. Calm down.

DR. DESAI (O.S.)

Rose..?

Rose spins around. Dr. Desai is standing in the doorway,
looking extremely concerned.

DR. DESAI

What are you doing here?

ROSE

I... I, um...

DR. DESAI

Rose, you can't be around patients.

Rose has no answer. She pulls the KNIFE out of her sleeve and turns and PLUNGES IT INTO CARL'S CHEST--

Carl SCREAMS and Rose SCREAMS as she pulls the knife out and shoves it back in again, and again, and again, BLOOD SPEWING as she and Carl SCREAM TOGETHER, but he won't die so she just keeps stabbing, and as Rose looks over her shoulder--

DR. DESAI TEARS THE SKIN OFF HIS FACE AND RUNS AT ROSE--

109 INT. ROSE'S CAR - IN THE PARKING LOT - DAY

109

--Rose JERKS upright from the steering wheel, SCREAMING.

It takes her several panicked moments to realize that she never got out of the car.

Rose buries her face in her hand, gasping with emotion.

KNOCK-KNOCK! - Rose STARTLES again as--

DR. DESAI knocks on her driver's window. He's standing right outside her car, peering in at her.

Rose wipes her eyes and tries to swallow her panic as she rolls the window down.

DR. DESAI

Rose, what are you doing out here?

ROSE

Nothing! I-- I don't know! I don't know why I even...

Rose gets stuck, doesn't know what to even say.

DR. DESAI

Listen, why don't we go inside together and we can just talk--

ROSE

No, it's not safe!

DR. DESAI

...What does that mean?

Rose can't hide how hysterical she looks.

DR. DESAI

Rose, I don't think you should be alone right now.

Rose's eyes widen with realization -- the wheels in her head turning.

ROSE

No, I-- I *have* to be alone! I have to be alone... I-- I'm sorry I need to go!

Desai's eyes land on the KNIFE on the passenger seat.

DR. DESAI

Actually, I think you should just stay right here, okay? Just relax a minute. I'm going to make a call...

Desai steps away from her window, pulling his phone out and dialing with urgency.

CARL SUDDENLY LEANS INTO HER WINDOW BLEEDING AND SCREAMING!

Rose SCREAMS and fumbles the key into the ignition --

DR. DESAI

Rose, wait! Don't go anywhere! Rose!!

Rose jams the car into REVERSE and PEELS away, nearly swiping Desai as she does.

110 INT. ROSE'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

110

Rose drives, her movements erratic. Her eyes are manic.

Her cellphone BUZZES. She digs it out. *JOEL CALLING.*

ROSE

Joel?!

JOEL (PHONE)

Are you okay? Where are you!?

ROSE

I know what I need to do!

JOEL (PHONE)

What? Rose, I just saw a police APB go out for you that says you're dangerous?! What happened?!

ROSE

Listen to me! This thing needs each victim to pass it on in order to survive. But if there's no one else around, it has no way to pass!

(MORE)

ROSE (cont'd)

As long as I'm alone, I can deprive it
of what it wants!

JOEL (PHONE)

*Hang on, slow down - that doesn't
make any sense! Your plan is to just
avoid people forever?*

ROSE

I don't know. But I can't run from
this anymore. I have to face it.

JOEL (PHONE)

Rose, wait, okay? Let's think this--

Rose ends the call, tossing the phone on the passenger seat.

111 **EXT. RURAL ROADS - DAY** 111

Rose's car speeds along tree-lined roads.

112 **EXT. ROAD - AFTERNOON** 112

A very rural road. Rose's car approaches and then slows. It
pulls off onto a broken, weed-ridden DRIVEWAY.

113 **INT. ROSE'S CAR - SAME** 113

ANGLE ON Rose as she pulls to a stop and parks. She turns the
engine OFF and sits there, staring out the windshield at
something we don't yet see.

She opens her door and steps out, gazing at:

114 **EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS** 114

A squat, single-story house with an attached garage. The
paint is cracked and peeled. The yard is tangled and
overgrown. A place long neglected.

115 **INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - AFTERNOON** 115

The front door unlocks and opens. Rose hesitates just
outside, peering into the dim interior. After a moment of
trepidation, she steps over the threshold, entering.

Standing inside the FRONT ENTRYWAY, Rose surveys the MAIN
LIVING ROOM. The carpet is molding.

The walls are water-stained and cracked. A few pieces of remaining furniture loom beneath old sheets.

Rose tries the LIGHT SWITCH on the wall. The power is off.

116 INT. HALLWAY - DILAPIDATED HOUSE - AFTERNOON

116

CLOSE ON: a DOOR FRAME leading to a BEDROOM. There's an old, faded HEIGHT CHART marked with pen. We can make out the names ROSE and HOLLY and different ages.

Rose pushes open the DOOR, peering inside a SMALL BEDROOM. There are two old, empty BED FRAMES against opposite walls.

Rose doesn't enter the room. She turns and looks DOWN THE HALL - which we now can recognize as the hall from her dream. The DOOR AT THE END OF THE HALL is closed.

She slowly walks down the hall, approaching the door. Reaches out, putting her hand on the knob...

117 INT. MOM'S BEDROOM - DAY

117

We're seeing the closed BEDROOM DOOR from the opposite side. There is a miserable MOANING sound inside the room. The door pushes open, revealing:

TEN-YEAR OLD ROSE, on the day we saw her at the beginning of the film - her clothes are dirty, her eyes are scared.

She stands there in the doorway and we PAN into the room, discovering it is FURNISHED and a total mess.

Rose's MOM (40's) is lying in the bed, MOANING in pain. Alive for now, but seemingly in very bad shape. She can barely move. Her eyes struggle to focus.

MOM

(slurring, delirious)

R-Rose? Baby... Help me. Mm-- Mommy made a mmmistake...

Mom tries to lift her head, but she seems nearly PARALYZED. Her sluggish, agonizing struggle causes an OPEN PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE to roll off the bed and fall to the floor, SPILLING PILLS among several EMPTY WINE BOTTLES.

MOM

Phone. Get the pphone. Call for help.

Rose's eyes are fill with tears of fear and resentment.

MOM
(hysterical)
ROOOSSE!

Rose flees the room in terror, closing the DOOR behind her--

Our POV remains on the CLOSED DOOR. All goes QUIET. The daylight rapidly changes in quality and color. After a moment, the door OPENS again, *CREAKING* on old hinges...

ADULT ROSE steps into the bedroom (we're back to present).

We PAN from Rose into the room again, which is now completely bare, save for an empty bed frame.

Rose stares into the room, overwhelmed with emotion...

118 **INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER** 118

Rose pulls her mom's bedroom door firmly CLOSED. She looks back up the hallway, thinking.

119 **INT. GARAGE - AFTERNOON** 119

Rose uses her phone's FLASHLIGHT to search through piles of junk in the claustrophobic, spider-infested garage.

Her light lands on an old KEROSENE LANTERN on a shelf. The light shifts, finding a rusted GALLON CAN next to it.

120 **INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - AFTERNOON** 120

QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS:

120A - Rose LOCKS the FRONT DOOR. 120A

120B - Rose checks and locks WINDOWS. Draws SHADES. 120B

120C *KNOCK-KNOCK!* Rose freezes. She looks toward the front door. 120C

121 **INT. FRONT DOOR - DILAPIDATED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS** 121

A POV of the inside of the front door as: *KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK!*

JOEL'S VOICE (O.S.)
Rose! It's Joel, open the door!

BANG-BANG-BANG! More pounding. Rose creeps toward the door.

JOEL'S VOICE (O.S.)

I know you're inside - your car's in the driveway!.. Rose, I need you to answer, or I'm gonna have to kick the door in!

ROSE

No, don't! Don't come in!

JOEL'S VOICE (O.S.)

Rose?! Are you okay?

ROSE

...How did you find me here?

There's a hesitation from the other side of the door.

JOEL'S VOICE (O.S.)

I tracked your phone. I *know* I shouldn't have done that, but... you stopped answering your phone and I got worried... Can you just open the door?

ROSE

You shouldn't have come here! Just - you *have* to go away.

JOEL'S VOICE (O.S.)

I can't. Not until I know you're safe.

Rose squeezes her eyes shut, at the end of her rope.

ROSE

No, you don't understand, it's not safe for you to be here! You need to leave!

JOEL'S VOICE (O.S.)

Wait, Rose, let's just talk this through, okay? This isn't a good--

ROSE

(anxiety exploding)

Oh my god, Joel! Just fucking *listen* to me for once! I *told* you I had to do this by myself! You wanna *know* why I left? Because you *never* fucking listened to me! Not everything has to revolve around your fucking *hero* complex! I told you to just fucking leave me alone! So, leave me alone!

(screaming)

LEAVE ME ALONE!

Rose stands there trembling as a few silent seconds pass...

Finally, we hear FOOTSTEPS receding outside...

Rose leans against the door, stifling sobs, absolutely miserable with herself.

122 **INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - NIGHT**

122

Nightfall. The house is now dark, illuminated only by pale MOONLIGHT seeping through stained curtains.

A MATCH STRIKES to life. Rose lights the KEROSENE LANTERN.

Her eyes search the darkness around her. The shadows seem alive - twisting and jumping against the lantern's light.

She slowly turns in place, scanning the entirety of the living room, as if expecting something...

ROSE
Where are you..?

Nothing but the cold silence of the house.

ROSE
I'm here! I'm done running..!

Rose places the lantern on the floor, and sits on the ratty living room sofa...

CREEEEEAAAAAK - the sound of a DOOR slowly OPENING.

Rose turns, staring at the entrance to the HALLWAY...

123 **INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

123

DARKNESS. The lantern's GLOW pushes shadows back as Rose steps into the hall.

Rose raises the lantern. The DOOR to her mother's bedroom at the far end of the hall (that she closed) is HALF-OPEN.

Rose swallows, then slowly walks down the hall... She arrives at the door. Pushes it open further...

124 **INT. MOM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

124

Rose holds the lantern up, entering the bedroom...

Her MOM is sitting on the bed, slumped forward with her head in her hands. Her face is HIDDEN behind a mess of long hair. She's CRYING SOFTLY.

As if sensing Rose, Mom suddenly stops crying. She looks up, revealing a beautiful but tragically sad face.

MOM

Rose?

Mom palms at her eyes, as if trying to hide her tears. She stands up and opens her arms, beckoning Rose.

MOM

It's okay, baby. Come here.

Rose just stares in disbelief.

Mom slowly walks toward Rose. Rose stands there, trembling as her mother wraps her into a tight embrace.

MOM

I'm so sorry. It's all my fault. I didn't mean it. You know I didn't mean it. I love you more than anything else in the world.

Rose squeezes her eyes closed, holding back tears. Mom strokes her fingers through Rose's hair.

MOM

(emotional)

I haven't been a good mom. I want to be. I really try to be. But sometimes everything is just... too much... I don't know what's wrong with me. There's something terrible inside of me... I hate myself.

ROSE

(can't take it)

Stop it.

MOM

Are you ashamed of me?

ROSE

No...

MOM

Then why did you let me *die*?

ROSE
That's not true!

MOM
I needed you to save me. Why didn't
you save me?

ROSE
It wasn't my fault.

MOM
You could have called for help. There
was still time. But you *didn't*.

Rose removes herself from her mom's arms--

ROSE
Stop it!

MOM
You wished that I would die!

ROSE
Because I was *scared* of you!

Rose's breath catches in her throat, as if she's shocked by
what just came out of her mouth. But then she continues:

ROSE
(raw)
I was ten years old, and you were a
monster.
(shakes her head)
And I know that's *not* fair. You were
sick. And no one was there to help
you... And what *I* did is *unforgivable*. I
have spent my whole life *wishing* I could
take it back it. But I can't.

Rose wipes the tears from her face.

Mom stares back at her in the dark.

ROSE
You're not her. This isn't real.

MOM
But Rose, your mind *makes* it real.

A menacing smile spreads across Mom's face.

Rose steps backwards. The lantern's light falls away from her
mother's face, leaving it in shadow.

ROSE
What are you..? Why are you doing
this?

The voice that responds is horrifying:

MOM
Because your mind is so *inviting*.

Rose slowly steps backward, backing into:

125 **INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

125

Rose grabs the door handle, beginning to shut the door to her
Mom's room --

A HUGE HAND SUDDENLY EMERGES FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR,
GRABBING THE DOOR AND PREVENTING ROSE FROM CLOSING IT

Rose stumbles backwards in fear, staring as...

The door to the bedroom is pulled back open...

MOM'S SILHOUETTE steps out into the hallway, completely
draped in shadow...

BUT SHE'S 8 FEET TALL AND HER BODY'S PROPORTIONED ALL WRONG

Nearly paralyzed with fear, Rose can't look away from the
hulking silhouette. It steps toward her, too large for the
hallway, bending its neck, rubbing against the ceiling.

Unable to look away, Rose backs down the hall away from it.

The nightmarish silhouette stays right on the edge of the
lantern's light, her features shrouded in darkness.

It LAUGHS an awful laugh as it approaches. A bit of the
lantern's light just barely illuminates its face which looks
like a grinning NIGHTMARE VERSION OF MOM--

Rose turns and flees down the hall--

126 **INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

126

Rose emerges from the HALLWAY and spins around, raising the
lantern and staring back at the shadowy HALL DOOR,
anticipating what might come lumbering out of it...

But nothing appears there.

NIGHTMARE MOM emerges from the dark RIGHT BEHIND Rose--

NIGHTMARE MOM

ROSE!!!

A huge hand GRABS Rose by the neck --

Rose is forcefully THROWN across the room -- she HITS the wall hard, the wind knocked out of her--

The lantern lands sideways on the floor next to her. The glass encasement has a precarious looking CRACK in it now.

Rose gasps for air. Her eyes struggle to focus as she searches the dark around her...

Rose's eyes turn to the LANTERN lying next to her, which is now alarmingly leaking FLAMING KEROSENE.

Rose turns forward and NIGHTMARE MOM IS SUDDENLY RIGHT ON TOP OF HER -- it SNATCHES her throat in its hand, grinning.

NIGHTMARE MOM

You can't escape your mind, Rose!

Rose struggles in the thing's terrible grip, unable to breathe... She stares up at the monstrous visage of her mother's face, shaking her head...

ROSE

(choking)

It's... my... mind...

Rose grabs the wrist of the hand choking her. Finding strength she didn't know she had, Rose OVERPOWERS Nightmare Mom's grip, removing its hand from her throat--

ROSE

You can't escape it either!

Rose BENDS ITS WRIST back until it SNAPS at a horrific angle--

ROSE

I'm not afraid of you anymore!

Rose grabs the KEROSENE LANTERN and swings it against the thing's face -- it SHATTERS OPEN AND INSTANTLY IGNITES--

Nightmare Mom SHRIEKS and recoils backwards, FLAMES crawling down its body. It SCREAMS with a thousand voices in unison.

The FIRE spreads to the sheet-covered furniture and curtains. The air fills with smoke.

Rose crawls back from the flames. She forces herself up, begins lumbering toward the FRONT DOOR, GASPING FOR AIR.

She reaches the door and UNLOCKS it, pulling it open--

127 **EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - SAME**

127

Rose exits the house. She HESITATES, staring back inside through the door:

The Nightmare is lost within the growing flames. Rose PULLS THE DOOR SHUT.

She staggers away from the house, across the overgrown yard.

Rose turns around, staring back at...

THE HOUSE

Glowing bright from within. Sounds of GLASS breaking and FIRE SPREADING. FLAMES explode outwards from windows as the blaze inside grows into a ROARING INFERNO. A portion of the roof COLLAPSES into the blaze.

Rose stands there, watching it all burn...

CUT TO **BLACK.**

130 **INT. ROSE'S CAR (MOVING) - MORNING - LATER**

130

Rose drives, as the sun begins to rise. She looks utterly depleted. But her eyes are calm.

She rolls down her window, letting the fresh air in.

131 **EXT. ROSE'S HOUSE - MORNING - LATER**

131

Our POV is looking through a WINDOW at Trevor, seated at the kitchen table. His head is in his hands. He looks worried.

REVEAL: Rose is standing in the driveway, watching Trevor. He doesn't know she's there.

After a moment of deliberation, Rose gets back into her car.

132 **INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY**

132

We're in a hall facing the DOOR to JOEL'S APARTMENT. It OPENS, revealing a weary-looking Joel, surprised to see...

Rose, standing out in the hall.

JOEL

Rose? Are you okay? I thought...

ROSE

...Can I come in?

133 INT. JOEL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

133

Rose walks into the LIVING ROOM.

ROSE

I just... I need to say some things.

Joel waits for her to talk, clearly full of questions.

Rose hesitates, searching for the right words to begin with.

ROSE

I'm sorry... I'm sorry for getting you involved in my own fucked up mess. And then for pushing you away after *I'd* dragged you into it... I was *afraid*.

Rose breathes into her hands, looking incredibly vulnerable.

ROSE

For most of my life I was afraid of letting anyone get close to me, because I was afraid of what they might see if they really looked. I put up walls, kept everyone at a distance. After we met, I felt those walls starting to come down, and *that* scared the hell out of me. And so *I* was selfish, and that wasn't fair to you, and... I'm sorry... And there's probably a hundred other things I should apologize for but right now I'm just *really tired*. And what I really want is to sleep, and to just *feel safe* - and I know you don't owe me anything, and I'm being selfish again for even asking... But would it be okay if I stay here? Will you stay with me while I sleep? Please?

Joel tries to process everything she just unloaded on him. He looks down at the floor, lost for words.

Rose stares at Joel, waiting for him to say something.

JOEL

Yeah. Of course, I'll stay... I'll stay with you *forever*.

He looks back up, mouth curling into a cruel smile.

Rose's eyes widen with dread and confusion:

ROSE

No... No no no...

"Joel" begins to LAUGH - it's maniacal and terrifying.

The DAYLIGHT streaming in through the LARGE WINDOWS SOURS and DARKENS.

"Joel" steps toward Rose, laughing and grinning, eyes locked on hers. She backs away, reversing into the hall...

"JOEL"

ROSE!!

"Joel" runs toward Rose--

She turns and runs toward the apartment's FRONT DOOR, throwing it open and rushing outside--

134 **EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)**

134

--Rose emerges into the SILENCE OUTSIDE THE FRONT DOOR OF THE DILAPIDATED HOUSE.

She stops short, disoriented. It's still nighttime, and Rose never left the house.

Rose turns and looks back at the house. It's not on fire. The front door stands WIDE OPEN - because she just opened it.

JOEL (O.S.)

Rose..!?

Rose spins around--

The REAL JOEL is standing in the driveway next to his parked car - he never left. Joel sprints toward her.

ROSE

NO!!

Rose turns and runs back into:

135 INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - NIGHT

135

She SLAMS the front door and LOCKS it. Rose backs away from the door, eyes totally crazed.

JOEL (THROUGH DOOR)
Rose! Rose, open the door!

BANG BANG BANG! Joel POUNDS on the door outside.

Rose turns around--

Nightmare Mom emerges from the shadows. It grabs its own face, TEARING the false skin away, revealing a HELLISH MONSTROSITY beneath not meant for human eyes.

Rose SCREAMS and falls to her knees, going over the edge--

136 EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - SAME TIME

136

Hearing Rose's BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAMS INSIDE, Joel stops pounding on the front door--

JOEL
ROSE?! HOLD ON I'M COMING!

Joel takes a step back and DRIVES his heel into the door near the latch. A second KICK LOOSENS THE BOLT...

137 INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - SAME TIME

137

We're in a WIDE TABLEAU much like a Renaissance painting as:

Rose is on her knees and the Monstrosity looms above her - both in profile. It grips her lower jaw in one hand. Her upper jaw with the other. It slowly PULLS HER JAWS APART, snapping facial muscles, OPENING her mouth horrifically, surreally, impossibly wide. It pushes its ENTIRE HEAD into her mouth, beginning to force itself down Rose's throat--

138 EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - SAME TIME

138

From outside, Joel realizes Rose's SCREAMS have gone silent.

JOEL
Rose..!? Rose, answer me!

There is no answer. Joel returns to KICKING IN the door--

One last KICK and the latch tears through the frame, swinging the door open.

139 **INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

139

Joel rushes inside, eyes searching.

JOEL

Rose?! Where are you?!

He draws a PEN FLASHLIGHT from his hip and clicks it on, moving further into the house, scanning with the light.

He sees the kerosene lantern sitting on the floor, intact and still glowing.

DRIP DRIP DRIP - the sound of liquid. Joel spins, and his flashlight beam finds:

ROSE STANDING WITH HER BACK TO HIM.

She's holding the GALLON KEROSENE CAN upside down above her head, the last few drops falling onto her. She lets the container drop to the floor.

JOEL

Rose..?

Rose turns around to face Joel. She's smiling.

Joel freezes, staring in terrible disbelief.

There's a BOX OF MATCHES in Rose's hands. As she puts the head of a MATCH to the strike strip, we go...

EXTREMELY CLOSE ON JOEL'S WIDE, TERRIFIED EYES

...and in their REFLECTION: we see the match STRIKE in the darkness, and Rose smiles as she is engulfed in FIRE--

CUT TO BLACK.